

*Vol. 1. No. 48. - Wm. H. M. & Co. -
John Dick 2 & Mellor for St. Thomas*

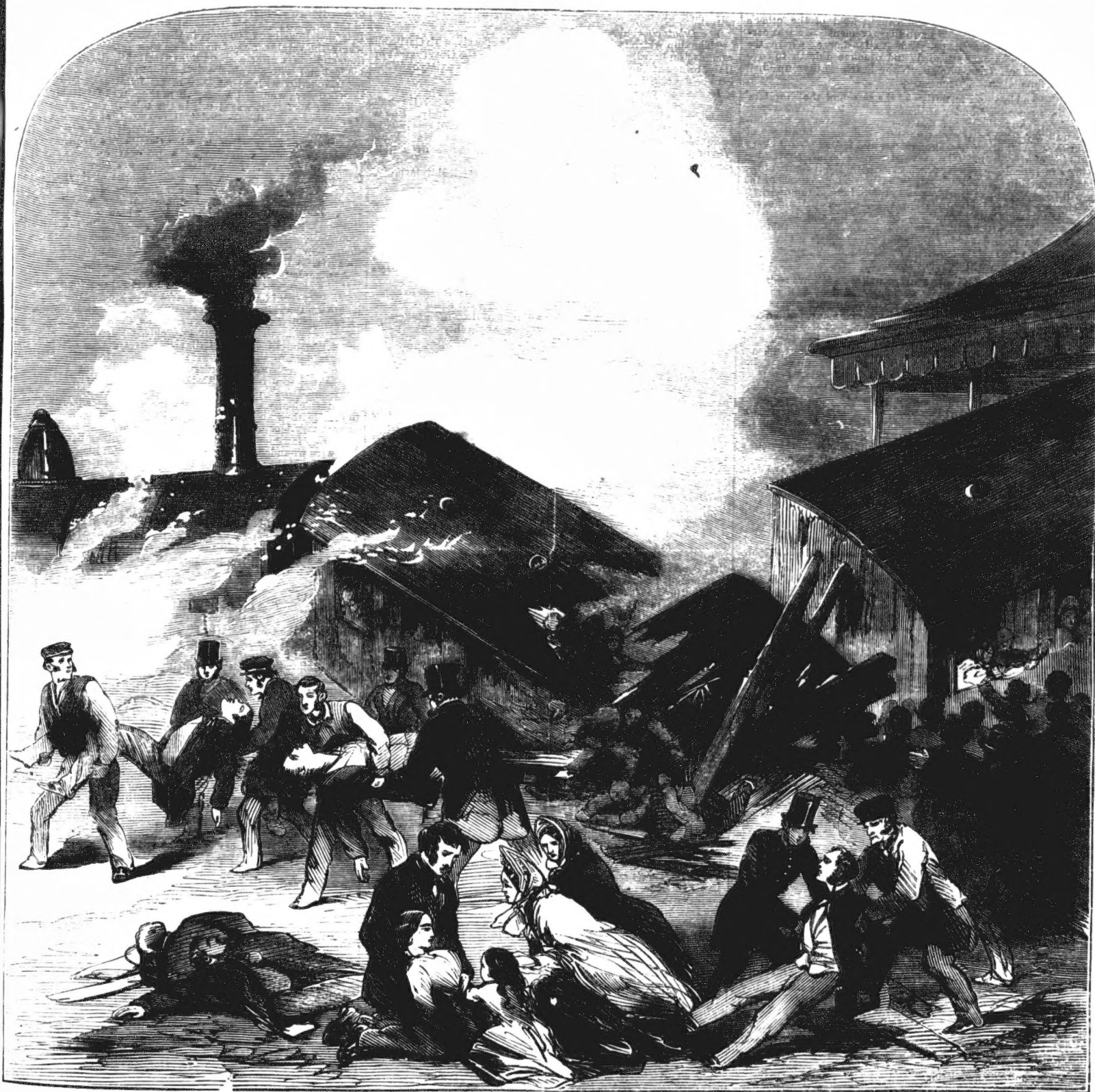
THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



No. 48.—Vol. I.

LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862

ONE PENNY



DREADFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT AND LOSS OF LIFE. (See page 753.)

Notes of the Week.

THE *South African Advertiser* and *Mail* of July 21 announces that the ship *Lascelles*, which took out a party of convicts to Swan River from England, had put into Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope, on her return voyage. The captain of the *Lascelles* reported that Pullinger, of bank fraud notoriety, died on the passage out; he had previously been insane, and upon one occasion attempted to jump overboard.

We have to announce the death of Francis Parker, Esq., one of the Great Northern Railway directors. Mr. Parker was for many years an active and a very useful member of the Great Northern Board, and much respected by those who knew him. He was also one of the largest shareholders in the company.

THE CROWN PRINCE OF PRUSSIA has returned the following answer to an address presented to him by the municipal authorities of Berlin on the occasion of the birth of the young prince:—"I have to express the thanks of my consort, the Crown Princess, as well as my own, to the chief magistrate and municipal authorities of Berlin for the warm and sincere words whereby they present their congratulations on the birth of our second son. We return thanks to God that, after the heavy loss at the end of last year, by which the happiness of our family received so grievous a shock, a new ray of joy has been shed on my house. May we succeed, by God's assistance, so to bring up this son that in the future he may become a noble ornament and a firm support to our dear country, and may thus show himself to be worthy of the sincere sympathy which surrounds his cradle."

RICHARD LILLYCRUP, No. 409 A Reserve, but actually belonging to the G division of police, died suddenly on Sunday morning about half-past twelve o'clock, while doing duty in Petticoat-lane. At the time mentioned there was a cry of stop thief, some person having had his pocket picked. Lillycrup pursued, but losing sight of the man in consequence of the crowd always assembled there on Sundays, he stopped a constable of the H division, and made inquiry whether he had seen such a person. Scarcely were the words spoken when he fell forward, and caught hold of the other's shoulder, the next moment sinking to the pavement. He was carried immediately to the Chapel-yard Station-house, where the division surgeon at once attended, and announced death to have been instantaneous, from disease of the heart. Lillycrup had been in the force about thirteen years.

The third and last demonstration of the season of the Foresters' Society took place on Monday at the Crystal Palace. As early as nine o'clock many thousands had congregated at the London-lane railway terminus, whilst on the road were hundreds of pleasure vans, stage coaches, broughams, and indeed almost every description of vehicle, including several four-in-hands, containing members in Lincoln green and bedecked with the insignia of the order. Everything passed off satisfactorily. The proceeds of the day will be devoted to the widow and orphan fund of the districts. The Crystal Palace Company allow the Foresters 5d. on every ticket sold by them, and the railway company 1d., and it is stated that the London United District receive about £1,500 on this last day, which after deducting their expenditure, left a net profit of about £1,100 for their widow and orphan fund. The net result of the South London will be about £200.

THE correspondent of a contemporary writes as follows:—"The Bank of England possesses some singular traditions and experiences. I heard the other day an anecdote from an authentic source, although it related to something that happened many years ago—before the life-time of the present generation. The directors received an anonymous letter, stating that the writer had the means of access to their bullion room. They treated the matter as a hoax, and took no notice of the letter. Another more urgent and specific letter failed to rouse them. At length the writer offered to meet them in the bullion room at any hour they pleased to name. They then communicated with their correspondent through the channel he had indicated appointing some 'dark and midnight hour' for the rendezvous. A deputation from the board, lantern in hand, repaired to the bullion room, locked themselves in, and awaited the arrival of the mysterious correspondent. Punctual to the hour a noise was heard below. Some boards in the floor were without much trouble displaced, and in a few minutes the Guy Fawkes of the Bank stood in the midst of the astonished directors. His story was very simple and straightforward. An old drain ran under the bullion room, the existence of which had become known to him, and by means of which he might have carried away enormous sums. Inquiry was made. Nothing had been abstracted, and the directors rewarded the honesty and ingenuity of their anonymous correspondent—a working man, who had been employed in repairing the sewers—by a present of 800l."

POST-OFFICE SAVINGS-BANKS.—Our readers will perceive from the following notice that another of the old savings-banks is about to be closed:—"At a meeting of the trustees and managers of the Southwold Savings-bank, held on the 21st day of August last, it was resolved that, in consequence of the superior facilities and direct Government security afforded by the Post-office, no further deposits be received, and that the affairs of the bank be wound up. The trustees recommend all depositors to avail themselves of the privilege of transferring their accounts to a Post-office savings-bank, of which their is one at the following places—viz., Southwold, Wangford, and Halesworth, and at every other money-order office. The transfer can be effected by a form of certificate provided for that purpose at the office of the savings-bank without the withdrawal of the money deposited. The interest paid by the Post-office savings-bank is £2 10s. per cent. per annum. Those parties however, who prefer receiving their money will be paid at the bank as usual. The depositors are required to take notice that all deposits remaining unpaid on the 29th day of November next will then be returned." The readiness of the trustees to hand over to the Government institution the labour and responsibility which are no longer required from them is very natural, but it is satisfactory to find them admitting so cordially the merits of the Government banks.

POISONING IN FRANCE.—The Court of Assizes of the Rhone concluded the trial of the woman Favre, her husband, and brother-in-law, charged with poisoning Crepin, the notorious miser of Lyons. The evidence (given in last week's issue of this journal) fully proved the guilt of all the prisoners. After the wretched man had made his will, bequeathing all his property to the woman Favre, she was anxious to get rid of him as soon as possible, and accordingly began to dose him daily with strong infusions of poppy-heads and gratiola, or hedge-hyssop. In this she was actively aided by her husband and her brother-in-law, Chovel, who procured drugs for her, and assisted her in keeping away the old man's relations. The jury having brought in a verdict of "Guilty" against all the prisoners, the court sentenced the female prisoner and Chovel to twelve years' hard labour, and Favre to five years' imprisonment.

PROFITABLE BUILDING SPECULATIONS IN COUNTRY HOUSES.—Upwards of twenty years ago the "building foreman" and the "decorating foreman" of a large firm in London joined to build two houses on their own account, and on partly borrowed capital, in a neighbourhood then close to London. These they sold at a profit, and built others; and eight years since, one of the partners having died, the other retired with a clear annual income of £50,000, representing a million of capital. —*Bathol.*

Foreign News.

FRANCE.

THE *Constitutionnel* publishes the following about Garibaldi:—

"Garibaldi is a prisoner. Led astray by bad advice, and turning a deaf ear to the voice of the popular Sovereign, who is the only and sincere expression of the national wish, Garibaldi is nothing less than the lieutenant of Mazzini. He now bears the just punishment of his great error. This is a happy event, and we are glad of it in a political point of view, because it is the victory of order over anarchy, and in the point of view of humanity, and we have reason to believe that civil war which menaced Italy with bloodshed has terminated. This denouement does not surprise us, for we are acquainted with the energetic views of the Italian Government; we knew that all—King, ministers, generals, soldiers—were resolved to do their duty to the end. We also knew that between the flags of Italy the choice of the people of Italy were already made."

The foreign papers all comment upon the great event of the day, the capture of Garibaldi. The *Independence Belge* says:—

"Garibaldi, pursued near Aspromonte by a column of bersaglieri, has been defeated, wounded and captured. This is the great news of the day, posted up at the Paris Bourse, and announced by the *Moniteur* as perfectly authentic. It is a great success for the Turin Cabinet, an unhopied-for success, but the consequences of which will be fatal to it, if it does not understand to draw from this victory those benefits which Garibaldi, by his rebellion, wished to confer upon Italy. Garibaldi, doubtless, was a rebel to his King; but he acted in the interests of Italy. That is his strength. The victory of Aspromonte will only be complete when the Turin Cabinet can declare that the Roman question is settled."

The *Debats* says:—

"Garibaldi is wounded! Garibaldi is vanquished! Garibaldi is a prisoner! How has this happened? Nothing else is spoken of in Paris. The surprise is universal. Garibaldi's volunteers are said to have numbered 2,000, while Colonel Pallavicino had only 1,800 men. The engagement took place in the mountains, where there was every facility offered by guerilla warfare for flight or retreat."

The *Debats* concludes as follows:—

"The ship which is now steering towards Spezzia, with Garibaldi wounded on board, while it brings a victory to the Government of Italy, brings at the same time a great subject of anxiety. What is to be done with Garibaldi?"

La *Presse* says:—

"The news of the capture of Garibaldi has spread through Paris like wildfire. This is a solemn moment for Italy. She is now at the most critical point of her destiny. Armed rebellion is vanquished, but the idea which armed rebellion is triumphant. Victor and vanquished are animated by the same irresistible impulse—'To Rome!'"

The Emperor, on hearing of the capture of Garibaldi, instantly ordered the camp at Chalons to be dispersed.

SPAIN.

A certain degree of agitation prevails at Madrid. Circulars, distributed a few days since, called on the people to assemble round the monument of the 2nd May, which perpetuates the remembrance of the insurrection against the French. The manifestation was a failure, but some disturbances took place in the populous quarters of the city. Flocks of individuals went about crying, "Long live Garibaldi!" Everything has since appeared to be restored to order, but there is reason to believe that the Government has some fresh causes for uneasiness, as a despatch announces that it has taken the necessary measures to immediately repress any guilty attempt.

ITALY.

A false rumour of the death of Garibaldi provoked a popular demonstration in Milan on Saturday evening. The crowd proceeded towards the residence of the French consul, but was met by a squadron of cavalry, which summoned it to disperse. No attention being paid to this summons, the military cleared the streets by force. One person was killed and several others were wounded.

The *Official Gazette* says:—

"Under the pretext of false news, demonstrations have been attempted at Milan, Como, Avia, Genoa, and Palermo. The employment of force, the vigilance of the authorities, and the arrest of some persons, sufficed, however, to disperse the assemblages and re-establish order."

AMERICA.

The *New York Times*, of the 19th ult., gives the following as the situation of affairs:—

"The uncertainty with regard to the movements of the army of the Potomac will be relieved this morning by the positive announcement received from Fortress Monroe, that Harrison's Landing was evacuated on Saturday morning about eight o'clock, and that at about the same hour General McClellan's advance arrived at Williamsburg. The public property was all removed down the James River in safety, and the army effected its movement without interruption. We shall soon hear of the army of the Potomac again, in a locality, perhaps, where the rebels least want it. The news from General Pope's army indicates a speedy battle. Everything appears to be ready for the advance across the Rapidan, along the banks of which our troops are now encamped. General Pope removed his headquarters nearer the front on Sunday, and his men are in the best of spirits. The rebels are still said to be pouring into Gordonsville."

One brigadier-general, one colonel, a major, ten captains, and twenty-four lieutenants of General Pope's army are at present in Richmond as prisoners. General Halleck has issued orders that officers and men will be held accountable for all property taken from the enemy. Officers or men taking private property without authority will be shot.

The *Cincinnati Gazette* says:—

"The long threatened invasion of Kentucky has commenced. The rebels have entered the State at several points. They have captured Somerset, and are moving on Glasgow, and threaten Bowling-green. General Kirby Smith, with 15,000 men, twenty-four pieces of artillery, and an adequate force of cavalry, is moving from East Tennessee to cut off the Federal supplies at Cumberland Gap, and compel its evacuation. The Confederate General Morgan is still in the vicinity of Galatin. The latest despatches state that General Kirby Smith has captured London, in the rear of the Federals, and doubtless will attack them in front and rear. The Federal General Buell is cut off, and it is feared that he is in a precarious position."

The *New York Times* gives the following account of the destruction of the famous Confederate iron-plate steam ram *Arkansas*:—"On the morning of Wednesday, soon after the Essex got fairly under way, the *Arkansas* was discovered, much to the surprise of Commodore Porter, the Federal commander, coming down the river with great speed, as if intending to run plump into the Essex. Now, the Essex is a 'good un' and 'a tough un', but she is not fast, but, on the contrary, quite slow, and it seemed almost impossible so to manoeuvre her that she should receive the shock in the strongest part of her hull. While the crew of the Essex was thus waiting in suspense, much to their relief, the ram turned at a right angle toward the shore, wheeling round, backed into a little cove, protected by innumerable stumps of what were once cypress trees, and with her bow out, seemed to await attack. This was precisely what Commodore Porter desired. The Essex is square

in front, with three large guns protruding out as bowsprits, and all her strength lies in her head. The Essex having everything on her own way, took a favourable position, no more than 400 or 500 yards distant, and opened with her bow gun. The ram replied with her guns, but from her position, with very little effect. Meanwhile the Essex fired began to tell, for a rifle shot from the Essex struck the ram amidships, tearing up her sheathing, displaying a large white streak. An opening presenting itself, the commodore ordered one of his best gunners to fire one of his six-pounder Porter's 'incendiary shells.' The order was obeyed with precision; the shell was seen to strike and burst exactly at the spot it was aimed at. In a few seconds a smoke was seen curling upward, coming from the interior of the vessel, and evident confusion was witnessed among the crew. Cables were got out to fasten the monster to the shore, and planters on horseback were seen hurriedly riding to and fro along the river bank. Presently what appeared to be some of the officers got ashore, and, mounting horses, rode rapidly away. Meantime the ram got loose from her moorings, and with a tall column of smoke issuing from her interior, floated out into the stream, the Essex all the while keeping up her attack, the ram occasionally replying. It was now evident that but a few persons had the vessel in charge, and that they were endeavouring to put out the fire. Her destruction now being certain, she was allowed to go quietly on with her self-destruction, which was finally accomplished by her blowing up, worthily following the wake of the *Manassas*, the *Louisiana*, and the *Merrimack*, and, in the language of Commodore Porter's official announcement of the fact to Commander Farragut,—"adding completeness to the victory so brilliantly achieved the day before by our brave army on land."

GARIBALDI DEFEATED, CAPTURED, AND WOUNDED.

The following letter from Turin, gives some particulars of the disaster that has overtaken Garibaldi, and his brave volunteers.

"The career of Garibaldi has come to a close for the present. We heard that he had come down from the heights of Aspromonte and had been seen at Palmi. Probably it was only one of his bands marching along the shore on that side. As to himself, it seems that he was overtaken by Colonel Pallavicino, at the head of a battalion of Bersaglieri, a few companies of another battalion of the same corps, and a regiment of the Piedmontese Grenadier Brigade, altogether 1,800 men, in those very gorges of Aspromonte, where the volunteer chief had taken up a formidably strong position, and where after a smart fight Garibaldi, deeply wounded in his foot and with a bruised thigh, fell into the hands of his opponents, together with about 2,000 of his followers. Of these more than 300 were wounded, among them the son of Garibaldi, Menotti, who, like his father, was struck in the thigh. Only a few (if it is said) were killed. Garibaldi, it is stated, expressed a wish to embark on board an English steamer, so that it is natural to presume he felt yet able to travel. Garibaldi's request was not granted; he was conveyed as a prisoner on board a Royal frigate to Spezzia. Pallavicino, formerly a Garibaldi soldier, it appears, had only with him a detachment of light troops; he hastened his pursuit by forced marches (regardless of the other bodies of the Royal troops under Cialdini, which were to co-operate with him, and which were yet far in the rear), deeming it expedient to come up with the insurgents and close with them, venturing on an unequal struggle, rather than allow Garibaldi the chance of giving his pursuers the slip in Calabria, as he had done in Sicily."

Another letter says:—

"The engagement is described as having been long and obstinate. Garibaldi had occupied a strong elevated position at Aspromonte, on the skirts of the southernmost range of the Apennines. His force, augmented since his arrival on the mainland, amounted to 2,400 men. The royal troops, chiefly Bersaglieri, were under the command of Colonel Pallavicino, a Genoese officer. Garibaldi refused to surrender, in spite of repeated intimations, and the combat began. In order to explain the small number of deaths that occurred, notwithstanding the hard fighting which we are assured took place, we must presume that the volunteers were very inefficiently armed, and that the soldiers had orders simply to disable their antagonists, and take them prisoners without any unnecessary bloodshed. At any rate, we are informed that comparatively few men were killed, that on the other hand more than 200 were wounded, among whom are Garibaldi himself and his son Menotti, and that 2,000 have been made prisoners of war. Garibaldi has received a wound in the foot, and another, more severe, in the thigh. The nature of these wounds is explained by the relative positions of the combatants. Those received by the troops will probably have been chiefly limited to the upper part of the person. After his capture, Garibaldi requested to be placed on board an English vessel and allowed to take his departure. The request was refused, as in the present state of things all respect of persons was out of the question. There can, however, be little doubt that it will be a very serious and embarrassing question what is to be done with the fallen chief and his comrades, if equal justice is to be meted out to all."

The *Discussion* says:—"We have reason to believe that a royal decree will be published constituting the Senate a High Court of Justice for the trial of Garibaldi and his accomplices."

The *Official Gazette* publishes a despatch from General Cialdini stating that 2,000 Garibaldians were taken prisoners.

The following items of intelligence appears in the Turin papers:—

Signor Alberto Mario and Miss White have been arrested at Milan. The deserters from the royal army to Garibaldi who had been made prisoners have been shot. The French Government has complimented the Cabinet of Turin, by telegraph, on the facts accomplished at Aspromonte.

The *Siecle* says:—"We are assured that, on the reception of the news from Aspromonte, the first word uttered by King Victor Emmanuel was 'Amnesty.' We are assured also that, alleging reasons of State, some advisers of the crown did not hail this generous expression, which nevertheless was that of M. Rattazzi and the majority of his colleagues."

A Turin correspondent of the *Temps* says that Rattazzi, on being asked some question respecting the treatment of the prisoners, remarked, "We are neither Cossacks nor bloodthirsty."

ARMY, NAVY, AND VOLUNTEERS.

THE post of Vice-President of the Council of Military Education is once more vacant, Lieut.-General Knollys having resigned his office on being appointed Controller of the Household of the Prince of Wales. The names of several officers are mentioned in connection with the vacancy, among them that of Major-General F. W. Hamilton, C.B., now military attaché to her Majesty's Legation at Berlin, who (says the *Army and Navy Gazette*) not improbably will succeed to the important office about to be relinquished by General Knollys.

The wardroom and gunroom officers of her Majesty's ship *St. George* and *Chanticleer*, have publicly expressed their acknowledgements of the unbounded hospitality and civility they have experienced during their stay at Cronstadt. The governor of Cronstadt placed his own steamer at their disposal, and his first captain was unremitting in his attentions and offers of public service. The Naval Club, a noble building, containing an English library, was thrown open; and a dinner was given by the Russian midshipmen to the junior officers of our ships. The night before their departure a magnificent banquet was given by Vice-Admiral Novosilsky, governor.

General News.

The following strange paragraph appears in a contemporary:—We have authority to state that the Marchioness of Queensberry, who has lately become a Roman Catholic, left her residence, near Weybridge, last week clandestinely, taking with her the three youngest of her six fatherless children, and leaving no clue to her place of hiding. There is no doubt that the guardians and the nearest relatives of the late marquis have the power to trace her ladyship's flight, and through the strong arm of English law to rescue the children and make them wards in Chancery."

A few days since a passenger on his way to Holyhead went on board the Munster mail steamer at Kingstown. Feeling unusually cold, when, trying to ascertain the cause, he found one of the legs of his trousers cut open. This had been done by a pickpocket while he was getting his luggage on board. The object of the operator was to let the purse drop out. In this he failed, but he managed so expertly as to escape detection, and probably he was looking on amused at the awkward predicament of his intended victim as to his dress.

THE *Serobran*, a Servian journal, relates the following trait of heroic devotedness on the part of a Montenegrin woman. In a combat near Bielopavlovic, the standard bearer of the Montenegrins was killed. His brother took the colours from his hands, was in his turn shot down, and was replaced by another brother who, before the close of the fight, was also mortally wounded. When the mother of those brave young men, who was present in the combat, saw her last son fall, she rushed to his side, folded him in her arms for a last embrace, and then, seizing the flag, placed herself at the head of the combatants, declaring that she would never give up the standard until she could place it in the hands of one of her grandsons.

A HAWKER who had taken refuge under an oak between Saint-Louis and Sabloux (Gironde), during a storm, a few days back, was killed by lightning, the electric fluid stripping him of part of his clothes, and carrying his hat into a tree at some distance, and his person was wholly consumed. Two young girls, minding sheep in the commune of Lagratiere (Derrièze), who had sought shelter under a tree during a storm, were also killed, and five sheep, a pig, a donkey, and a dog, were also destroyed by the electric fluid.

THERE are some curious kinds of journalism in India. The *United Star of India* is the title of a paper published at Barrackpore. Its motto is that it is for neither the king, nor the people, but ready for everything; and it conspicuously describes itself as "a weekly journal of news and a conglomeration of political jokes, sprinkled with love, friendship, and truth."

The delivery of the medals and certificates of honourable mention to the exhibitors cannot take place till after the close of the Exhibition, when it will be made at a public ceremony in the building, to which will be admitted the holders of all classes of season tickets (except those for shilling days), and the public on payment of 1s each.

GREAT satisfaction is felt in Jamaica at the laurels which the colony has won at the International Exhibition, intelligence having been received that no fewer than seventy medals have been awarded to contributors from the island, besides sixty-four marks of "honourable mention." In a private letter from Governor Darling, who was one of the Jamaica commissioners at the Exhibition, he expresses his hope that "the Exhibition will do something for Jamaica."

A WEALTHY Russian family, consisting of five persons disappeared from the town of Iyabach, about forty years ago, no trace of them being ever after discovered. Suspicion fell upon an hotel-keeper as being the murderer of the family, as shortly after their disappearance he purchased an hotel for the sum of 10,000 florins (£3,500). Proofs being wanting, however, he was discharged. The man and his wife having lately died, leaving a large fortune, the heirs had caused the house to be repaired, and last week, while digging at a short depth below the surface, five skeletons were discovered, three in one place, and two in another, and from the position in which they were placed, it was evident that they had been bound together with a rope. A chest full of plate was also discovered in the house.

GENERAL surprise has been caused at Turin by the arrest at Naples of M. Pulski, the distinguished Hungarian, who has been so long domiciled in England. M. Pulski was with Garibaldi, but simply, it appears, in the capacity of correspondent to an English journal.

A MOST singular instance of vengeance and suicide has lately occurred at La Rochelle, France. The inhabitants of the Rue St. Claude were alarmed by a loud explosion in a room occupied by an old man named Burel. On forcing an entry the police found the room full of smoke, and on fire. The flames were soon extinguished, and then the occupant of the room was discovered hanging by the neck, quite dead. It appears that the deceased, who was a man of very sombre and revengeful character, had made a hole in the wall between his room and the next, which was occupied by a relative with whom he was on bad terms, had filled the opening with gunpowder and fired it, with the intent of destroying the object of his animosity. It would seem that Burel must have used a slow match, and hanged himself immediately after lighting it, before the explosion took place. Though several stones were blown into the next room, none of its inmates were injured.

MR. MAXON, the commissioner for the Southern Confederacy, is at present paying a visit to Scotland.

DR. RICHARD has been appointed physician in ordinary to the household of Prince Napoleon.

MR. HORACE GREELY, of the *New York Tribune*, has published a letter, addressed by him to President Lincoln, which he terms the prayer of 20,000,000 people. He says the party which elected Mr. Lincoln is sorely disappointed at his policy on the slavery question.

A PRIEST, named Blache, formerly director of the religious schools of Toulon, has just been condemned to two years' imprisonment for embezzlement of the funds of those establishments.

MR. LYNALL THOMAS has induced the War Department to give him permission, at the cost of about 2,000l., to manufacture a gun of sixteen to 18 weight, on his principle, at the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich.

THE REV. H. NEWLAND, D.D., Dean of Ferns, has been appointed to the bishopric of Kilmore, vacant by the promotion of Dr. Beresford to the archbishopric of Armagh.

THE RIGHT REV. MARCUS GERVAS BERESFORD, D.D., Bishop of Kilmore, has been translated to the primacy of all Ireland.

FINE drinking fountains, similar to those in England, have just been established at Brussels.

THE way to colonise is to extend the blessings of civilisation, and just laws protective of property, life, and reputation to the natives. Our Government is beginning to see the necessity of vigilance so as to ascertain real grievances in New Zealand and punish the offenders. Two gentlemen of her Majesty's service in that colony, namely, Major Cooper and Mr. Broughton, have been dismissed for denigrating the natives. The specific offence is the seduction of a young native girl by Major Cooper, and subsequent attempts to regain possession of her, in which he was assisted by Mr. Broughton. These dismissals and the cause of them were of course reported home, and in the despatch from Downing-street the Duke of Newcastle says:—"I find it impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that both Major Cooper himself, and Mr. Broughton, who assisted him in this matter, were properly dismissed from her Majesty's service." The duty and interest of England is to protect the natives in all our colonies.

Provincial News.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.—**FORGERY BY A CLEVERMAN.**—On Saturday afternoon, the Rev. Thos. Cartwright, curate of St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, was brought before the Mayor and the local bench of magistrates, at the police-court, charged with uttering a forged bill of exchange, on the 4th of August, 1862, with intent to defraud. Mr. Henry Hudson, bill-discounter, Nottingham, deposed that on the 4th of August last the prisoner called upon him at his office, and asked him to discount a bill for 200l., drawn upon Mr. Peter Drummond, of Stirling, and accepted by the latter. The prisoner told the witness that Mr. Peter Drummond was the proprietor of a periodical called the *British Messenger*, and that the money was for literary services. When the prisoner produced the bill, witness observed that it was endorsed on the wrong corner, and at his direction it was endorsed in the proper place. From information he had since received, he believed the bill to be forged. Mr. Wells, on behalf of the prosecutor, asked for a remand for a week in order to produce Mr. Drummond, which was granted accordingly. Until recently the prisoner was superintendent minister for the Nottingham district of the New Connexion Methodists. He secured from that body in order to enter the Established Church, and was ordained by the Bishop of Lincoln on Trinity Sunday last. The prisoner was removed to the House of Correction.

GLoucestershire.—**A DANGEROUS LUNATIC.**—On the 30th ult. a terrible assault was committed at Gloucester by a man named William Tombs, a hay dealer, who, although not placed under restraint, has for some time been closely watched as a lunatic. On the Saturday morning, after breakfast, he suddenly laid hold of a hatchet, and struck his wife a violent blow on the head. She screamed for assistance, which appeared to infuriate him the more, as he gave her repeated blows on the head, knocking her to the ground, and beating her after she was down. Mrs. Clark, the landlady of the house in which they lodged, alarmed by the shrieks, ran to ascertain the cause, and on looking into the parlour saw the unfortunate woman bleeding on the floor. Tombs ran after Mrs. Clark, flourishing the hatchet, and would, in all probability, have inflicted some serious injury on her if he could have overtaken her. Mrs. Clark's cries, however, brought assistance, and the maniac was secured. He exclaimed, "I have killed my wife and I shall be hung." He then stated that he had been reading in a newspaper that he was to murder her, and that he could not rest until he had done it. Medical assistance was obtained.

DORSETSHIRE.—**MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUICIDE IN DORSETSHIRE.**—Shortly after seven o'clock on Friday morning, the 29th ult., the little village of Wallditch, about a mile and a half from Bridport, was the scene of a fearful tragedy. In this parish there are only two resident farmers, and these have, for some time past, been constantly at variance on account of the rating of the property. The matter has been referred to the board of guardians of the Bridport Union, who recommended a survey of the parish. This would entail a considerable expense, and would of course fall heavily on the largest occupier. Ill-feeling has therefore long existed, but on Friday morning Mr. Daniel Stone, one of the farmers, walked by the house of Mr. Fooks, the other farmer. The latter, on seeing him, deliberately took his gun and went out of the door, without saying a word, and shot Mr. Stone in the back of the head, death being instantaneous. Scarcely had the horrified villagers heard the report of the gun, ere another report was heard from the bedroom of Mr. Fooks, and it was soon discovered that he had attempted self-destruction. Mr. Stone was probably about thirty years of age, and Mr. Fooks ten or twelve years his senior. The deceased was highly respected, as he was a very hospitable, social farmer, fond of society, and consequently known by most of the agriculturists of West Dorset. His untimely end has caused an excitement in Bridport which may be imagined but scarcely described. The unfortunate Fooks is of a good family, and although no sympathy is felt for him, yet there is a deal for his friends, who are of course overwhelmed with grief at this sad occurrence. Both the deceased and Fooks were bachelors.

LANCASHIRE.—**FATAL BOAT ACCIDENT.—SEVEN LIVES LOST.**—A casualty happened on Sunday afternoon on the Mersey, by which seven human lives were sacrificed. The river pleasure boat, Limited Liability, Mr. John Hunter, master, was returning from Ince, having on board a crew of eight, three of them being riggers. Between Ellesmere Port and Easham, she was crossed by the river pleasure boat Jackdaw, which had ten persons on board. The Limited Liability ran into the Jackdaw and capsized her, and, melancholy to relate, seven out of the ten persons were drowned. The Limited Liability stood to, and succeeded in rescuing three of the crew of the Jackdaw, whom they took ashore.

FIRE ON THE EARL OF WILTON'S ESTATE.—Early on Sunday morning, a large range of outbuildings on the Earl of Wilton's estate, at Henton-park, was discovered to be on fire. A messenger was at once despatched to the Fire Brigade Office, at Manchester, and shortly after four o'clock Mr. Superintendent Tozer, with a company of firemen and one engine, were on their way to the scene of the disaster. On their arrival, the fire was found to be raging in a number of sheds on the extensive farmstead occupied by Mr. J. Hampson, under the Earl of Wilton. These buildings consist of a double row of stables and hay stores, with lofts above and a machine-room at one end, the extent of the whole being about 75 yards by 14 yards. The stores and lofts contained 16,000 stones of hay, for consumption on the farmstead, and it was amongst this valuable produce that the fire had made progress. The engine was got to work without delay, but the only available water supply was a pond 500 yards from the building; the conveyance of the water such a distance naturally contributed to prevent the full and efficient action of the engine. The firemen, however, used their utmost exertions to stay the conflagration, and, after working some time, it was so far subdued as to admit of a large quantity of the hay being removed to a place of safety in the adjoining field. The damage done to the buildings and their contents, which are about one-third destroyed, is estimated at about £500, and it is covered by insurance in the Manchester and Lancashire fire-offices. The buildings are the property of the Earl of Wilton, and the hay and other contents of the stables and stores belonged to the tenant, Mr. Hampson. The farmhouse is situated some distance from the block of outbuildings. The cause of the fire is at present unexplained.

IRELAND.

WALSH was executed at Limerick on Monday morning, at ten minutes before nine o'clock, for the murder of Mr. Fitzgerald. There were more than 2,000 persons present. The culprit did not address the spectators. After the bolt was drawn he struggled violently for some minutes. The crowd dispersed quietly. When questioned as to why he should have been a party to the murder of so unoffending a gentleman as Mr. Fitzgerald, Walsh is said to have replied, "I don't know how I was brought into it; but I was not sober for seven days before the occurrence." The convict's mother is reported to be a raving maniac in the workhouse at Kilmallock.

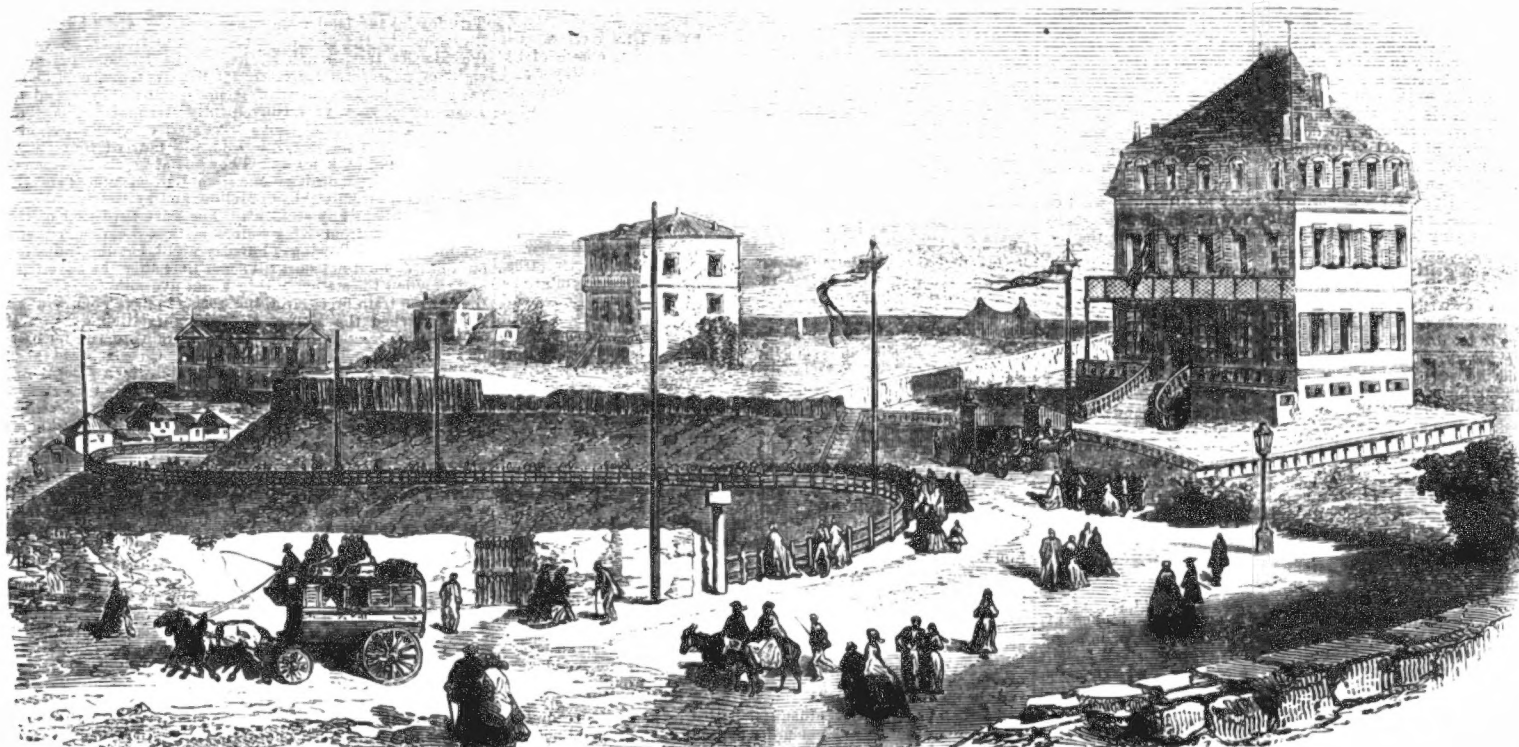
THE PROVOST-MARSHAL'S WIFE.—Rev. Dr. White, rector of an Episcopal church in Memphis, called on the Provost-Marshal to inquire whether it would be considered treasonable to pray in public for the President of the rebel Confederacy. "I guess not very," coolly replied that officer; "you have been praying for him for two years, and have not done us much harm; and I don't know but that you might as well keep at it." *Amber and Paper.*

FEARFUL RAILWAY ACCIDENT TO EXCURSION TRAINS.

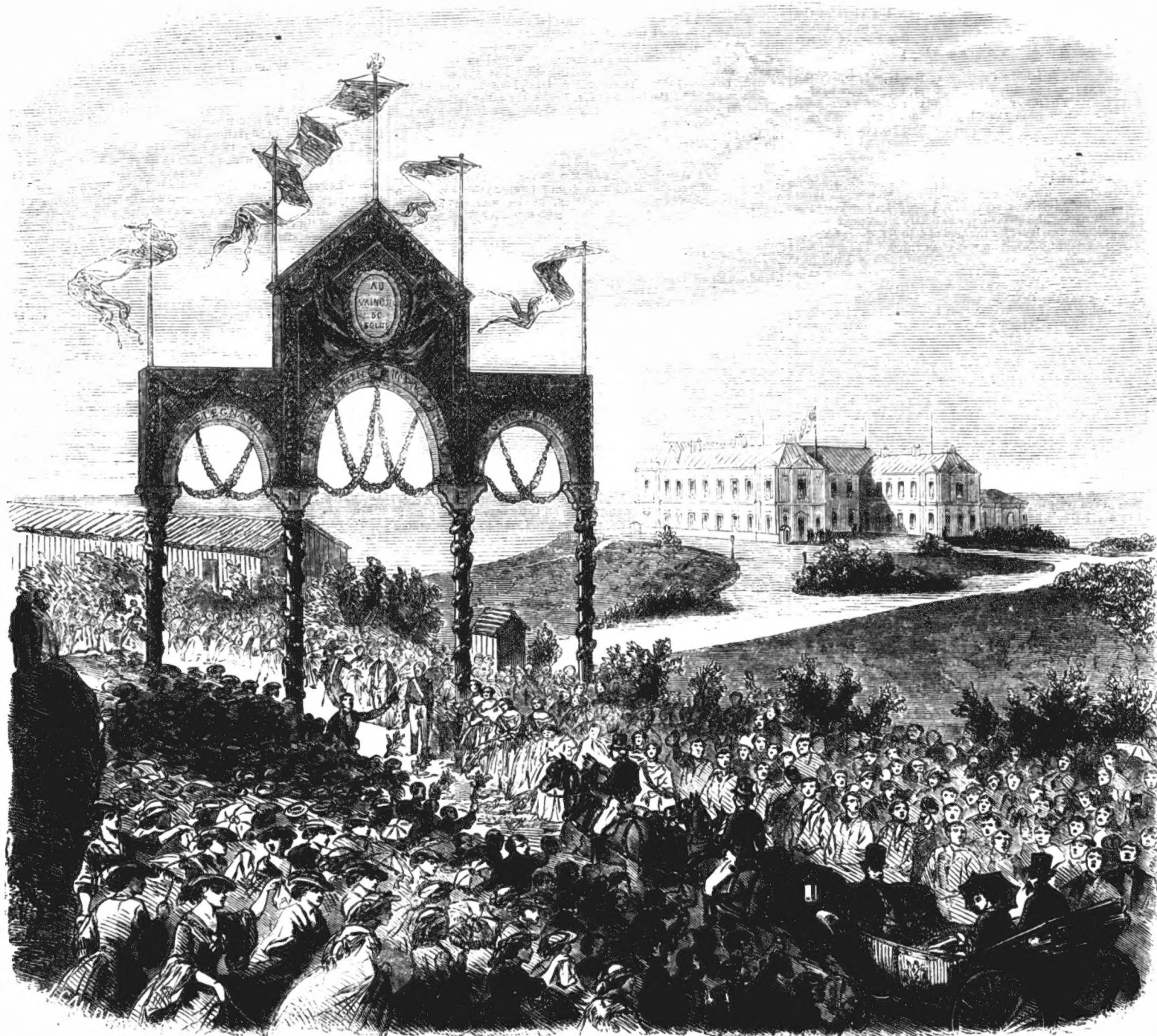
THE fearful and fatal railway accident, our artist has so faithfully illustrated in the first page, happened to two excursion trains at the Market Harborough station of the Midland Railway, about eighteen miles from Leicester. It appears that the Midland Company have been running for some months very cheap trains to London and back very conveniently arranged. On Wednesday, August 27, two special trains were started heavily freighted with passengers (the number, it is said, was nearly a thousand), to run to London and back for 4s. They left at nearly the same hour on the Wednesday morning—one from Burton, Ashby, and Coalville, and the other from Oakham, Melton, and Leicester, and arrived in London without any accident. The advertised time of not rising was 7.30 p.m. from King's-cross station, London, either on the Wednesday or following Thursday night, but the trains returning on Thursday did not start till some time after the advertised hour, and they left the station within about five minutes of each other—the Burton train first. Nothing seems to have gone wrong till the trains reached the Market Harborough station, to pass through which it is necessary for the Midland trains to run for half a mile on the London and North-Western line. On arriving at the junction at Market Harborough the Burton train, which started first from London, stopped to take in water. During this stoppage the Leicester train came up and dashed into the other, smashing three of the last carriages to pieces. Owing to the darkness of the night it was impossible at first to realise the extent of the disaster; but the shrieks and groans of the wounded proved that the results must have been very serious. In a very short time a large number of people assembled and rendered all possible aid to the passengers. Without delay search was made for the injured, and the broken fragments of the carriages were piled up and made a flange for the purpose of giving light to those engaged in clearing the line, for the station was but poorly lighted. It was then that the extent of the catastrophe was found out. One poor man, named Stinson, a labourer, more generally known as a carrier at Whitwick, was discovered lying under a carriage in a fearfully mutilated state, and was quite dead; it was over an hour and a half before the body could be extricated, when it was removed to the nearest hotel. Messrs. Heygate, Francis, and Ody, surgeons, of Market Harborough, together with Dr. Lancaster, Mr. Bolton, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Denton, of Leicester, who were sent for, rendered every assistance to the wounded. One young man, named Edwin of Market Bosworth, had one of his arms so seriously maimed that it was found necessary to have it amputated a little below the elbow, which operation was performed by Dr. Lancaster. About six others had received fractured arms, legs, and breasts, and at the present time remain at Harborough in a very dangerous condition. Twenty-five persons in all were severely injured, and the injuries received were various—one youth had his jaw broken, one man had his lip cut off, the nose of another was cut off; and another sustained the loss of an arm.

The Rev. W. Woods, of Leicester, being one of the injured passengers, has addressed the following letter to the *Leicester Mercury*:

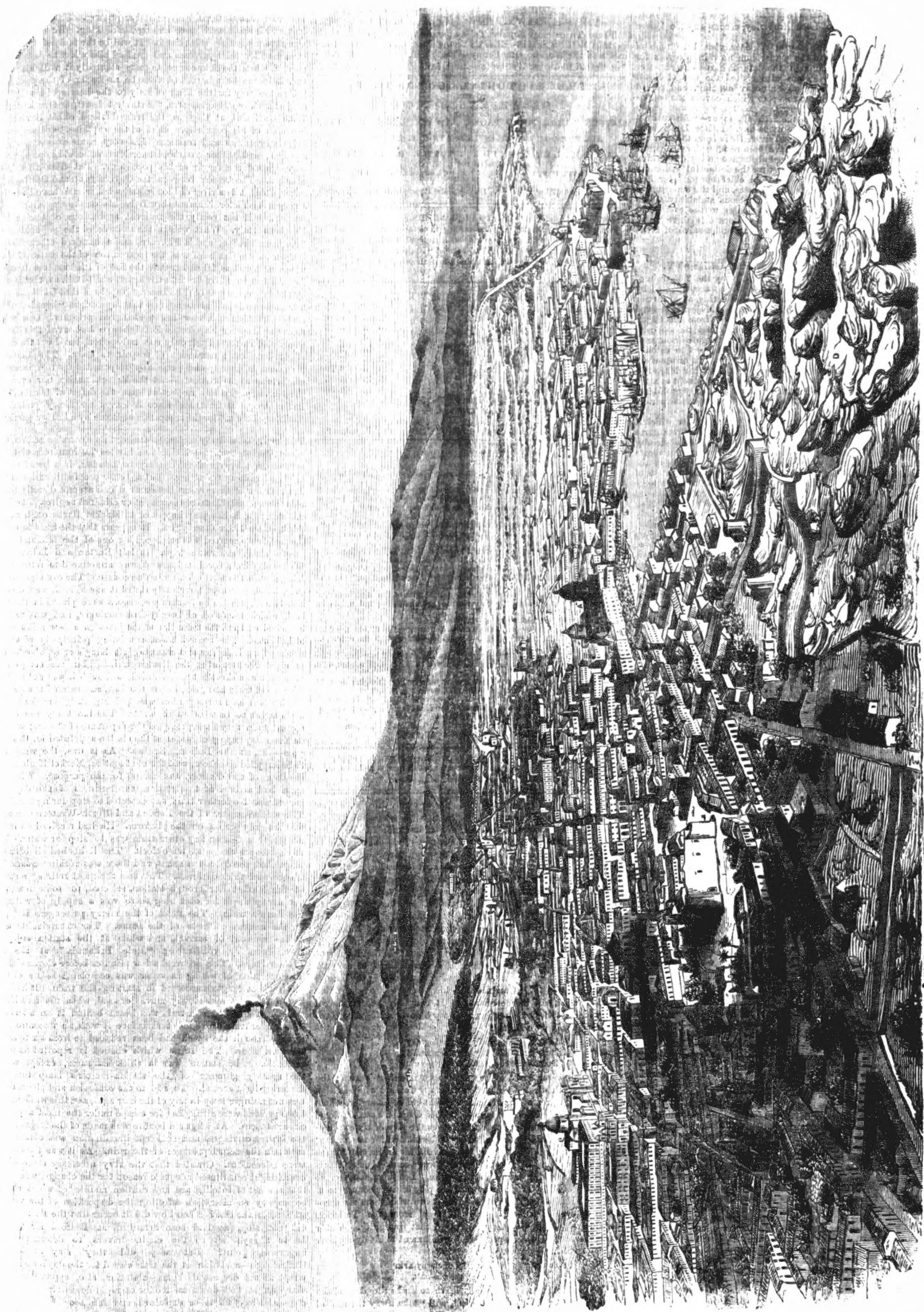
"Sir,—I was a passenger by the excursion train advertised to leave London on its return to Leicester at half-past seven last evening. On reaching the station, ten minutes before the time of starting, I found there were two trains about to leave from opposite sides of the platform, which I take to be some 12 ft. in depth—one for Leicester, the other for Burton via Leicester. At that time each of the Leicester carriages was quite full, and there were then fifty to sixty persons waiting for seats. The number continued to increase. After a delay of nearly ten minutes, and when it was time to start, additional carriages, without light (as, indeed, were many others), were attached to the train. I, with my family, took seats in the compartment nearest the engine of the second carriage from it. The Burton train left as near as I can recollect at twenty-five or twenty-six minutes to eight. We left the station some six minutes afterwards. We had scarcely passed through the tunnel when our speed was slackened, and the passenger who sat nearest the window, on looking out, said he saw the Burton train before us. Several times during our journey from London to Hitchin it was asserted that the Burton train was still in sight. On approaching Hitchin, and again at Bedford, I looked out for myself, and became so sensible of our danger that I scarcely resumed my seat, but continued my occasional watchings. We had not come at an unusually fast speed, but the speed varied very considerably at different points. On approaching Harborough I noticed that the track was on, and scattering its fire—the whistle sounded, and the speed evidently slackened. Presently we heard that peculiar note given on the approach of imminent danger. Taking my child from its mother, I cried out, 'There is a concussion coming, take care.' Instantly we felt the shock. On somewhat recovering I opened the door, and at our feet lay the wounded and the dying. There was some little confusion at first, owing to the darkness. There was no lack of willing hands, yet no one knew the extent of the catastrophe, or the danger yet to be incurred. A few minutes only had passed, when, from the material of the wrecked train, blazing fires were kindled, and a scene of appalling horror exhibited itself. The wounded and the dying were removed. There were to be seen those who themselves had suffered, indifferent as to their own wounds, lending willing aid to those more injured than themselves, and those from whom the life blood was ebbing were seen patiently waiting till help could be afforded. You will have heard the result. It was not until one person's friend had been killed, and a second so much disfigured as scarcely to be recognised, and a third, himself injured, mourning a dead brother, that I left the outside to aid in consoling the suffering ones. After waiting for two hours in the darkness (for most if not all the lamps had been put out by the concussion), there was no undue haste in filling the carriages which came to bear us home; nor did anyone complain of having to wait two hours more, in a cold, drizzling atmosphere, nor do I think anyone would have complained if they had been expected to wait till morning, had they been told so. But when four hours had elapsed and the feverish excitement had somewhat cooled, men began to think of their wives, mothers of their children at home, and very eager were the inquiries to the driver of the pilot train for information, but neither he nor any of the officials could or would give information. It was then, and not till then, that we felt our feelings were being trifled with; and after waiting four hours and forty minutes in Harborough, on our arriving in Leicester we were not suffered to come in till nearly ten minutes had elapsed. No one can blame the authorities for the exercise of caution, but for ticket collectors to be found hawking about a ticket lost amid such excitement, detaining from 300 to 400 persons, whose friends were in fearful suspense, was indeed too bad. My impression—I may say my belief—is that the accident was caused by advertising two trains passing through the same district to start back at the same time. If such a large train had not been anticipated when advertised, yet as the number of passengers who went was known, a fair idea could be formed of the numbers likely to return, and a bill at King's-cross station, postponing one division for half an hour, and directing it to start from another platform, might have prevented the accident. Again, when a number of persons, such as there were last night, are waiting to take their places, it seems to me that to keep them waiting till the last minute is to endanger life and limb. To send carriages on a night journey of 150 miles without lights, and only tended to produce inconvenience, but is unworthy of the Midland Company.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant. W. Woods, 47, New Walk, Leicester."



VIEW OF BIARRITZ.—SHOWING THE HOUSE ONCE OCCUPIED BY THE KING OF THE BELGIANS. (See page 754.)



ARRIVAL OF NAPOLEON III. AT BIARRITZ. (See page 754.)



INSURRECTION IN ITALY.—VIEW OF CATANIA (See page 759.)

The Court.

EARL RUSSEL and his son, Lord Amberley, accompany the Queen on her visit to Germany.

HER MAJESTY, during her stay at Windsor, visited the tomb of the late Duchess of Kent and the mausoleum now in progress for the reception of the remains of the late Prince Consort. Her Majesty, with the Princess Helena, also visited the Chapel Royal of St. George at a late hour on Saturday evening, and placed wreaths of evergreens on the marble slab which covers the temporary grave of the late Prince Consort.

A LETTER from Lindenfels of the 27th ult. says:—"An entirely unexpected pleasure happened to us to-day. Prince Louis with his royal consort (the Princess Alice) arrived here from the princely retreat at Auerbach, where they have been residing for some time. Their Royal Highnesses, who arrived about noon, visited the ruins of the castle, and enjoyed for some time the delightful panorama of scenery around them. The official and chief burgomaster had the honour to receive their Royal Highnesses, and the opportunity to admire their condescension and courteous amiability. The princely pair were conducted by the authorities to the castle and through the garden. As their Royal Highnesses left there was a brilliant show of flags in the national colour, and a salvo of artillery was fired.

THE QUEEN'S DEPARTURE FOR GERMANY.

ON Monday afternoon the Queen left Windsor by the 2.35 train of the South-Western Railway. Her Majesty was accompanied by the junior members of the Royal family. Upon this, as on former occasions since the death of the Prince Consort, her Majesty observed the strictest privacy, and proceeded to the station from the Castle through the slopes, crossing the Datchet road from the opposite lodge-gate in the Home-park. At this point a large concourse of spectators, chiefly foreigners, had assembled, anxious to catch a glimpse of the Sovereign, but from the vigilance of Superintendent Eager and his force, in obedience to commands that her Majesty's privacy should not be intruded upon, the crowd was kept at a respectful distance. At the station Mr. Mandy had strictly prohibited any person from appearing on the platform, not even the porters being admitted.

At Woolwich, notwithstanding the strict privacy under which it was her Majesty's desire to take her departure, and the precautions adopted by the authorities to exclude all visitors from the vicinity of the place of embarkation, the railway trains and river steamboats poured in their thousands of visitors, and long before midday the line of road facing the dockyard was thronged with a multitude of her Majesty's subjects of both sexes, anxious to catch even a mere glimpse of their Queen. On the approach of the first of the Royal carriages it was observed that the blinds were closely drawn, when the most respectful silence was simultaneously observed and strictly maintained throughout. The other carriages, seven in number, followed in succession. Numbers of persons who had taken up their posts early in the day remained zealously on the spot from five to six hours. Windows and house-tops were occupied, and the garden-walls and other eminences were besieged. Every available frontage of the Ship Hotel, opposite the dockyard gates, was well and profitably secured. On her Majesty alighting she was received by Vice admiral Sydney, Lord-Lieutenant of the county of Kent, in plain clothes, and the Commodore Superintendent of the yard, Sir Frederick Nicholson, in full uniform. Her Majesty was accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Princesses Helena, Louise, and Beatrice, and the Princes Arthur and Leopold, and in attendance were Lieutenant-Colonel du Plat, Lieutenant-General the Hon. Charles Grey, Colonel the Hon. Nelson Hood, Major Elphinstone, the Marchioness of Ely, &c. Her Majesty was conducted along the pier, which was carpeted with scarlet cloth, by Lord Sydney, and was received on board the Fairy, Master-Commander D. Welch, by Captain Seymour, C.B., commanding the royal yacht. Her Majesty shortly afterwards entered the small deck saloon, and commanded the attendance of Lord Sydney, with whom she remained in conference till the Fairy was fairly under weigh, when his lordship took leave, and the vessel steamed down to Greenhithe, preceded by the Buster, to clear a passage from the numerous craft crowding about the roadstead. The Fairy was followed by the Vivid and a couple of steam-vessels belonging to the Trinity and the Conservator of the Thames, which acted as escort. At Greenhithe the Queen embarked on board the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and proceeded to sea.

VICTIMISING AN EMIGRANT BY AN OLD TRICK.

JOHN MARSHALL, alias Davies, was charged at the Liverpool Police-court, with having defrauded Richard James, an intending emigrant, of £180 in sovereigns, by the old dodge of "ringing the changes." The prosecutor (who in appearance is a much sharper fellow than this affair had proved him to be) intended to emigrate to New Zealand, and came to Liverpool for that purpose at the beginning of August. On the 7th of that month he was on board the ship *Champion of the Seas*, then lying in the Corgub Dock, when he met with the prisoner, who managed to engage him in conversation, and they then left the vessel and started off for a walk through the town. In the course of their perambulations they called at several public-houses, and at one of them a second man made his appearance; introduced himself, and the three had some drink together. This "gentleman," pretending to be a perfect stranger to Marshall, commenced talking about money matters and informed his newly-found "friends" that he had recently come into possession of a large property—several thousands a year—and was consequently very free with his money. Having invited his companions into another public-house, he produced two purses, saying he had purchased them from an old woman in the streets, and he considered them of an excellent description. He presented one to the man Marshall, and placed a sovereign in it "for luck," and at the prisoner's request gave one also, containing a sovereign, to Mr. James, advising them both to keep their money in these purses, "and then," said he, "it would be safe." The prosecutor, "at the stage of the proceedings," proved himself to be remarkably verdant. He produced his money (£180 in gold, and no troublesome notes with the numbers known, perhaps), and the prisoner kindly undertook to place it in the purse for him. This was done very nicely, and a purse filled with "California sovereigns," or "jacks," was handed to James in the place of his hard-earned gold. Easy, unsuspecting, confiding fellow, he put the purse and the contents into his pocket without examination, and the three worthies resumed their peregrinations. Soon after they had done so, however, the inheritor of the immense estate proposed that as they had had so much drink they should now "have something to eat," suggesting beefsteaks as something they would relish. He generously offered to "stand" the steaks, gave Mr. James a half-crown, and despatched him to purchase them, it being arranged that Marshall and his wealthy friend should await his return in the street. The prosecutor willingly undertook the commission, but, on returning with the steaks to the spot where he expected to find his late companions, he discovered they had vanished. He very soon made a still more important discovery—that instead of a pocketful of gold he had nothing but worthless brass. Information of the swindle was given to the police, and the prisoner was apprehended in Manchester by Detective Smith. When the latter first seized Marshall he struck the officer on the side of the head, tripped up his heels, hrew him down, and attempted to make his escape, but Smith knocked him down and secured him.

REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY.

GEORGE BARRINGTON. Illustrated by THWAITES.

THE SYRILLERS. Illustrated by F. GILBERT.

THE SHINGAWN. Illustrated by PRION.

These Three most Popular Tales are now appearing every week in REYNOLDS'S MISCELLANY, the Cheapest and Best Publication in the World. One Penny Weekly; Sixpence Monthly. London: J. Dicks, 25, Wellington-street, Strand, and all Booksellers.

THE PICTORIAL COMPANION

TO THE GREAT EXHIBITION

SIXTEEN LARGE FOLIO PAGES, AND SIXTEEN ENGRAVINGS OF ALL THE OBJECTS OF INTEREST IN THE EXHIBITION, AND A COMPLETE GUIDE TO THE BUILDING, AND SIGHTS OF LONDON. EVERY VISITOR SHOULD PURCHASE A COPY ONE PENNY.

To be had at all Railway-stations, Book-stands, Booksellers, and Newsmen.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Publishers will much oblige by forwarding to us the titles of forthcoming publications; and any books they may wish noticed should be sent early in the week, addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 25, Wellington-street, Strand, London, when they will be noticed in our next.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

D. D.		ANNIVERSARIES.	H. W.		L. B.
			A. M.	P. M.	
6	S	Sun sets 6h. 35m.	0 3	0 35	
7	S	12th Sunday after Trinity	1 0	1 25	
8	M	Nativity of Vally	1 50	2 10	
9	T	Sun rises 5h. 16m.	2 25	2 45	
10	W	Length of night 11h. 2m.	3 5	3 20	
11	T	Sun rises 5h. 29m.	3 40	3 55	
12	F	Sun sets 6h. 20m.	4 15	4 30	

MOON'S CHANGES.—8—First Quarter 7h. 57m. p.m.

SUNDAY LESSONS.

Morning. Evening.
7.—2 Kings, 10; Matthew 8. 7.—2 Kings, 18; Romans 8

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

V. H. E.—The son of the first Napoleon died in the Palace of Schonbrunn, in July, 1832.

PATERFAMILIAS.—An apprentice can be claimed from the regiment if he is bound for seven years after his attaining fourteen years. If he was fifteen years old when apprenticed, or was bound for six years and a half, he cannot be claimed.

A YOUNG RIFLEMAN.—Popularly a regiment is said to consist of 1,000 men, but at present the actual strength of an infantry regiment is a battalion of 1,137 men of all ranks.

ECONOMY.—£50 a year in Jersey would be only equal to £20 in England; but £500 in Jersey would be equal to £1,000 expended in London.

AN ADMIRER OF THE DRAMA.—The piece in which Yates imitated Mathews, and Mathews imitated Yates, was called the "King of the Alps." It was produced at the Adelphi Theatre in January, 1831.

A POOR MECHANIC.—The party not being a licentiate of the Apothecaries' Company, is not entitled to recover for the medicines supplied, unless he was in practice prior to August 1815.

X. Y. Z.—Daniel Lambert weighed 888lb, or 52st. 11lb.

A HORSEHOLDER.—A person who insures a house value £1,000 for £500 will be paid £400, if the premises should be damaged to the extent of £900.

A JUVENILE CRICKETER.—A man may be fairly out by his "arm before wicket." It is surely enough to be allowed to save your wicket with gloves and hands, without allowing arms.

A PLAYGOER.—"Black Eyed Susan" was written by Mr. Douglas Jerrold. Guy, the author of the "Beggars' Opera," wrote the ballad.

TURNIT.—Soothsayer, the grandsons of Cobweb (Selim blood), had a club foot, and a slight constriction of one of the front feet may be traced in several of the descendants of Bay Middleton.

A MOTHER.—A child born of foreign parents in London is an alien.

W. GAXTY.—(Dublin) Declined with thanks.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

For the first time in a storm-beaten and wayworn life, which has been all a battle and a march, Garibaldi, with a handful of lads, shoeless, and armed with rusty muskets, has suffered defeat and capture in fratricidal conflict, at the hands of an old comrade in arms, commanding the troops of the Sovereign for whom with his own right hand he conquered the land on which he has now fallen. We do not envy the feelings of King Victor Emmanuel, or even of his minister, M. Rattazzi, upon the tidings of this victory. Is there a monument to the memory of Garibaldi's landing at Reggio in 1860? It should be replaced now by a memorial stone, on which may be inscribed: "To Garibaldi, the conqueror and Liberator; Victor Emmanuel, the Receiver." On the obverse side: "To Garibaldi, wounded and defeated; Victor Emmanuel, the Requiter." There came a day when Themistocles was obliged to ask the Athenians whether they were weary of acknowledging the benefits he had done them. If Garibaldi ask his "honest" Sovereign this question, what will be the answer? It can only be, "I am not master of my own house, or even of my own heart." And Garibaldi may rejoice with Brutus:

I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Marc Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

Those who honour great causes even more in defeat than in the hour of triumph will not accuse the unhappy Colonel who has been rewarded with promotion for defeating that old commander whom the Emperor Napoleon honours with his deepest hate. Colonel Pallavicino obeyed his orders, and deserves the pity of his countrymen. Nor can Cialdina or La Marmora be blamed for the melancholy issue of a conflict they had not provoked. If, indeed, for the one or for the other the glory of Garibaldi was a cause of envy, this is not the time to search out a miserable spite. Let them, too, receive the praises of their Government, and the pity of their countrymen. The worst retribution their worst enemies can wish them is a decoration, or even a complimentary message from the Tuileries. We sincerely hope they may be spared that indignity. Victor Emmanuel himself, we are persuaded, will lament to his dying hour the victory of Aspromonte.

Some undone widow sits upon my arm
And takes away the use on't.

Garibaldi undone, and asking only leave to shake the dust of the land he delivered off his tollown feet, will "take away the use" of that royal—too royal—soldier's arm. Let us pity a King who has lost such a friend, such a champion, such a servant, as the captured, wounded, and defeated Garibaldi. Between the King and the revolution there remains now no reconciler. Between the unity of Italy

and the house of Savoy no loyal mediator. Garibaldi is gone, and what remains behind? "See," the Mazzinians will say, "what becomes of a republican who trusts and serves a King." Garibaldi has made his appeal and has received an answer. He can shake the dust off his shoes and leave an ungrateful king. He will not, less have made Italy what she is. It will be the fault of those who have used for their purposes and crushed him when he was in the way, if, when the hour comes, as come assuredly it will, his name and influence be missed, and there be no leader of the people to bridge the way for the King of Italy to the hearts of his Italian subjects. The strongest arm, the stoutest heart, is struck down. With Garibaldi, at Caprera, the trusted friend of his Sovereign, foremost of his counsellors, chief of the captains, Sardinia could defy intervention and reaction. His very name was a tower of strength, and neither Bourbonist nor Muratist could hope to make way against the magic of his popularity. But now all this is changed. The breach between the Government and Garibaldi is impassable; it is a river of blood; and what would have been the strength of Victor Emmanuel will be his weakness. Garibaldi's removal will not pacify the national aspirations or tranquillise Northern Italy. What will be the attitude of the populations in Brescia and Milan, and in Florence, and a hundred other cities of Italy to whom Garibaldi was the incarnation of the national ideal, now that hero has fallen beneath the fire of Piedmontese troops? Let the fact burn like fire into the hearts of all Italians, that it was by the express orders of the Emperor Napoleon that Garibaldi was attacked; and that it is to appease that mysterious "benefactor" of Italy that Garibaldi now lies a shattered prisoner. One word from the Emperor Napoleon a fortnight ago had saved this ideal; and that word not only was not spoken, but from the camp of Chalons came a missive of despair to Italy. The Emperor Napoleon is directly and personally responsible for this immense misfortune at Aspromonte—not the French nation, nor even the French army. In this respect, at least, the defeat of Garibaldi by Italian troops is fortunate, since it leaves no flimsy pretext of "military honour" for the occupation of Rome by a foreign garrison.

The rarity of railway accidents during this excursion season, and while the International Exhibition invites its hundreds of thousands from all parts of the country to London, is a proof of the safety of railway travelling. But a better proof still exists in the fact that few of these casualties occur which are not directly traceable to an avoidable mismanagement or criminal neglect. The fatal collision which has just happened at Market Harborough is, we think, of the latter description. It appears that the train to which the accident occurred was employed for one of the Midland Company's cheap excursion trips. It left Burton and Leicester on Wednesday last, for London, and was announced to return from King's-cross the next evening in due course. The carriages, however, for some reason not clearly stated or understood, were divided into two masses. The Burton passengers were placed in the first half, which consisted of twenty-five carriages, and was to have branched off from the main line at the junction a few miles south of Leicester. The second train, consisting principally of excursionists from Leicester and Manton, left King's-cross, about seven or eight minutes after the Burton train. Thus the companies proceeded at a short but safe distance, although it was noticed that the second train had gained upon the first, and entered the Bedford Station just as its companion was quitting it. Here the first train ought to have taken in water. The too hasty run of the second train may have prompted the departure of the first without its necessary supply of water at the station appointed for this purpose—viz., at the Bedford Station. As it was, the water had to be supplied somehow, and the next station, Market Harborough, the scene of the disaster, was chosen for the purpose. When the train had arrived at this station, the business of the day was wound up. No further train was expected to stop during the night. The station-master of the London and North-Western Company was the only person on the platform. He had received no information that this or any other train was to stop for water. The day's labours closed at ten o'clock. The lights had all been extinguished, the doors were shut, and there was nothing around but silence and thick darkness. This was the quiet retiring moment at the Market Harborough station, selected, for some reason—yet unexplained, for obtaining there was a supply of water by the Burton train. The noise of the merry passengers broke in on the unusual stillness of the scene. The excursionists were at the moment of arrival, and while at the station, enjoying themselves by vociferating "Rule Britannia" at the top of their lungs. This occurred a few minutes before eleven o'clock. The operation of taking in water was completed before eleven. Mr. Rich at length succeeded in starting the train. It had just begun to snort and slowly move forward, when the formidable whistle of the Leicester train was heard behind it on a sudden. The hinder train drove into that before it with an uncontrollable force, although the speed had been reduced to from six to seven miles an hour. The scene which ensued is reported as indescribable. The station was in thick darkness, except where the solitary glimmer of the station-master's lamp threw a flickering light around. To add to the confusion and gloom there was not a single lamp in any of the carriages, and this while nearly 1,500 persons were struggling for escape under the most appalling circumstances. At length a bonfire was made of the fragments of the broken carriages, and sufficient illumination was obtained to ascertain the actual presence of the ruin. As it was the escape were miraculous. Granted that the very necessary cause of an over freight constituted adequate reason for the change, was there that amount of intelligence and caution manifested which should accompany an alteration affecting the disposition of the various stations on the line? Then how did it occur that the Burton train did not stop, as had been arranged, at Bedford for water? Is it always left to the engine-drivers to determine the important point? But why did they stay at Market Harborough—a station at the time closed for the day's work, and wrapt in the deepest darkness—a station, also, approached at a sharp angle, and down an incline of rapid descent? These discrepancies have all to be explained, and it is the more necessary to clear them up speedily, because, if the notion should prevail that matters so serious as the rest at stations are to be left to the choice of the drivers, railway travelling will be viewed with far less confidence than it is now.

SUICIDE BY DROWNING OF A CONDEMNED MURDERER.

SATURDAY morning was fixed for the execution, at Lancaster Gaol, of Wilson Moore, condemned at the late assize for the wilful murder of his wife at Colne. Calcraft had arrived for the purpose of executing the sentence of the law. The condemned man had been visited by Mr. Wright, the prison philanthropist, who found him apparently calmly awaiting his awful doom; and at ten o'clock on the previous Friday evening the chaplain of the gaol, the Rev. H. F. Smith, left him with the full assurance that he was a penitent, and prepared to abide the sentence of the law. At nine o'clock, however, it was rumoured that he had committed suicide. Thousands of people had congregated from the neighbourhoods of Colne, Burnley, Bacup, and the East Lancashire districts, where Moore was well known. Many had traversed from forty to sixty miles on foot to witness the execution. It was not until the gallows was removed that credence was attached to the report. The criminal had been allowed to take walking exercises in what has been used, until the late alteration in the law respecting imprisonment for debt, as the first class debtors' yard. After passing a quiet night, he awoke and dressed himself at six o'clock, and was apparently in tolerable spirits. He afterwards partook of breakfast, and at the conclusion of the meal was taken, in company of a warder named Smith to the yard attached, where he paced to and fro for some time. In this yard are three water-closets. They adjoin each other, but have separate doors, and the water is supplied from a tank which extends the length of the three closets—being about twenty feet long by five feet wide and four feet deep. It is kept supplied with between two and three feet of water, by means of a ball-cock. When a person is seated on the closet his head will be about on a level with the bottom of the tank, the upper portion of which is some thirty inches from the ceiling, about a yard and a half being visible and within access in each closet. Moore had previously made use of one of the closets whilst taking exercise, the doors on each being unfastened; and at a quarter past seven he made an advance to one of the closets, as if suddenly seized with a necessity for its use. He closed the door behind him, and nothing occurred to raise the suspicion of the warder until he looked into the closet after an interval of two or three minutes, when he saw the cap and shoes of the deceased man on the seat. A moment's inspection revealed that the man had committed suicide by climbing into the tank. Smith's presence of mind left him at this moment, and instead of endeavouring to rescue the suicide from his purpose, he called for assistance. In a few moments help was at hand, but Moore had defeated the ends of justice by putting an end to his life. The visiting justices of the gaol were immediately communicated with, and arrangements made for the holding of an inquest. The inquest was accordingly held before Mr. L. Holden, coroner, in the visiting justices' room at Lancaster Castle.

The first witness called was William Hayhurst. He said—I am a warder in the gaol. Wilson Moore was in my custody on the Friday night. He was a convict under sentence of death. I think he was about thirty-five or thirty-six years of age. I was in his cell on Friday night with him and James Bray. Bray is a prisoner. Bray was sleeping in the cell in case I wanted any assistance. I went off duty at twenty minutes past six this morning, leaving Moore in charge of Isaac Smith, a warder, and James Bray, prisoner for misdemeanour. I left them in the cell. Deceased was awake at the time I left. I shook hands with him. He seemed in good spirits. He seemed to be perfectly sane. He wished me good morning, shook hands, and said, "I suppose you will be coming up about ten in the morning." I have been on only with him since his conviction, and never left him without two persons being in charge of him. He was to have been executed at twelve o'clock. I considered him perfectly sane all the time.

Several witnesses gave similar evidence. At the end of the investigation, at the suggestion of the coroner a verdict was returned that the man Wilson Moore died by his own hand, and while in a sound state of mind.

HEARTLESS CASE OF SEDUCTION.

At the Liverpool Assizes was tried a case Roebuck v. Mitchell, which was rather singular in some of its phases. Joseph Roebuck, who keeps the New Inn, Hinchcliffe Mill, near Holmfirth, Yorkshire, sued Frederick Mitchell, an engineer and millwright, in the same locality, for seduction of his daughter, and loss of her services. Mr. Manisty, Q.C., for plaintiff; Mr. Attorney-General Bliss, Q.C., for defendant. Mr. Manisty said the plaintiff previous to 1856 was for twenty years engineer at a wooden mill, which, as the jury would know, was a position of considerable importance. Plaintiff, though in a comparatively humble sphere of life, was of a very respectable family. He had three children, a married daughter, a grown-up son, an engineer at a wooden mill, and Martha Ann the daughter in question. She came home from school in 1856, and was now twenty-one years of age. She was a well-conducted girl up to the time the defendant took advantage of her, and the only stain upon her character was that she had yielded to his wishes. In the year 1858, defendant, who was much in the same position of life, being a millwright, but whose father was well to do, requested permission to pay his addresses to Martha Ann; was, after a little delay, accepted as a suitor, and constantly visited at the house; was permitted to take the girl out walking in the usual way, as he conducted himself apparently in an honourable manner. In 1859 he succeeded, by a promise of marriage, in seducing the girl, but, as far as the parents observed, they continued on the same terms as before, he apparently paying his addresses to her in an honourable manner. Unfortunately she became pregnant, and was delivered of a still-born child in 1860. Her parents urged defendant to marry her, and fondly hoped he would do so up to the time he married another girl—some inducement, perhaps, being a legacy. Mr. Roebuck, therefore, brought this action, and he (the learned counsel) thought the case was much aggravated by defendant having paid his addresses, with the consent of the parents, and taken advantage of the confidence reposed in him to seduce her.

Martha Ann Roebuck, a very handsome girl, of ladylike appearance and demeanour, was then called and deposed in examination by Mr. Jones: I am the daughter of Joseph Roebuck, and live at New Inn, Hinchcliffe-mill, Holmfirth, Yorkshire. My father has lived there since 1856. I have lived with him during that time. I learned dress-making and earned some money by that means, while I also helped my father and mother in household duties. The defendant, Mr. Mitchell, is an engineer, and was a customer at my father's house. In April, 1858, defendant asked permission to pay his addresses to me. I said he was too old for me, but he said he did not think so, and would have some talk to my mother about it. I said to him that she was against it. Afterwards I saw him again, and he said he had spoken to my mother, and had "asked her for the goodwill of me," and had it granted. After that I kept company with the defendant, accepted him as my suitor, and walked out with him as lovers usually do. The witness then stated that in January, 1859, she was seduced by the defendant. Before then he said he should marry me. Ultimately, I found myself in the family-way at Christmas, 1859, and told him of the condition I was in. After that he visited me as before, but not so often. On the 17th May, 1860, I gave birth to a still-born child. Defendant visited me up to within six weeks of my confinement. I have not had good health since. The defendant, Mr. Mitchell, has married another woman. As a dressmaker I earned from 10s. to 15s per week, and gave it to my mother. During my confinement my mother had to get some one to do the work I used to do.

The jury, after a brief consultation, returned a verdict for the plaintiff, damages £100.

ALLEGED WILFUL DESTRUCTION OF SHIPS.

A most important investigation arising out of a case which was last week tried at the Liverpool Assizes, took place before Mr. Raffles, the stipendiary magistrate on Monday. It may be remembered that a sea captain was charged by a Liverpool shipowner, named Ruxton with having written letters to him threatening that unless he paid £150, he (Ruxton) would be charged by the prisoner with having wilfully destroyed and set fire to a vessel called the Roscoe. The prosecution at the assizes, however, failed, and the captain, whose name is Jamieson, was released from custody amidst the cheers of the people in court. In consequence of the statement made by Jamieson, and the very equivocal evidence of Ruxton, the latter was apprehended by the Liverpool police, and brought up at the police-court.

Captain Jamieson was called. He stated that in February, 1856, Ruxton asked him if he could advance some money, and was willing to take a share in a vessel called the Roscoe. He stated that he could advance about £400, and afterwards paid Roscoe £370, and took a share in the Roscoe, and was appointed master. His instructions for the first voyage to Smyrna were, that if the ship got into difficulty he was not to take her into port upon any account, but let her go down. When he returned he mentioned that she was very nearly on shore in Gibraltar Bay, and Ruxton said it would have been a very bad job if she had gone on shore, as the underwriters would have got the ship up, and that he would have lost a considerable sum. The next voyage was to Miramichi, but before starting, Ruxton told him that the vessel was not sufficiently insured and that he was to bring her home in safety. The next voyage was when the ship was lost, and this voyage was to Smyrna. Before leaving Liverpool the ship was put in dock for repairs, and Mr. Ruxton said he wished to put a dock face upon her to the underwriter, and Ruxton showed him a book in which he had made some entries relative to insurances, and pointing to the book, said, "Look there; won't that be a smacking thing?" He then told witness to "knock the ship's brains out," or set fire to her during the voyage. There was a new spar on board the ship before they left Liverpool, but Ruxton had it brought on shore, as he said it was no use leaving that with the ship which could be made money of in Liverpool. When leaving the Mersey, Mr. Ruxton was on board the ship, and while in his cabin, told him to knock the brains out of the vessel, or set fire to her. As he was saying this, the second mate came into a berth adjoining the cabin to get out some rope, and he fancied the mate must have heard what was said. Ruxton, when outside the river, left the ship, and as he was going over the side said, "Now you have got it all right. Now is your chance, and don't be long in coming back." We then proceeded on our voyage. When about sixteen or eighteen miles from Smyrna, and about three or four from land, he asked the first and second mates to come in and have some drink. They took the drink, and shortly after he (the captain) went into the hold, and took a candle, matches, spirits of turpentine, and some brandy with him, and poured it over the sails, set fire to them, and then came on deck. The fire spread rapidly, and he (the captain) and crew took to the boats, leaving the vessel burning. The second mate deposed that he heard Ruxton tell the captain to knock the ship's brains out, and if he could not do that, to set fire to her, and he made a memorandum of it at the time in a little book which he produced. He heard Ruxton say to the captain, "Now, be sure you put the fire well into the brandy, that it may burn well, and that will be all right, and you will be all right."

Samuel Wallace Bickley spoke to having heard Ruxton describe the instructions given to Jamieson about the destruction of the ship, and further stated that Ruxton appeared delighted at the prospect of getting money for the transaction.

There was also another charge against Ruxton for having incited a captain named O'Connor to destroy a ship called the Montrose, the inducement offered being a payment of £100.

This case, however, was not deemed sufficiently clear for a committal, and Ruxton was committed on the first case, bail being refused.

THE CONDEMNED MURDERERS IN KIRKDALE GAOL.

THERE never having been at any previous period three persons at one time under sentence of death at Kirkdale gaol, public interest in the criminals is rather more excited than is customary in the case of recent capital convictions. Probably, from the more striking and complicated character of the crime, or rather crimes, committed by Taylor—for there seems no moral doubt of his guilt as to the deaths of the children—general attention seems more concentrated upon him than upon the other two unhappy men who, by a similar doom, are placed under circumstances of the same nature. Taylor seems moody, if not morose, and appears not to take any particular interest in the ministrations of the Rev. T. Appleton, the chaplain to the gaol; in fact, he appears rather to entertain a feeling of aversion to him, which has been more manifested since that rev. gentleman, in the exercise of his calling, endeavoured to assure him that he had no chance of pardon in this world. It appears from his conduct and conversation that Taylor entertained a strong conviction that he would obtain a pardon if his case were properly represented to the Queen; and in this belief he busied himself during the early part of last week in drawing up a petition to the Queen, which having completed he wished the governor of the gaol to allow him to get printed. The document contained an account of his version of the murder of Mr. Meller, which he continues to justify. He seemed much mortified when informed that any document of the kind must pass through the hands of the sheriff or the visiting justices. Resolved not to be balked, he took the opportunity of an interview which he had sought for with Mr. Wright, the prison philanthropist, to deliver the petition which he had compiled to that gentleman, with a request that he would get it forwarded to the proper quarter. In this he was also foiled. Mr. Wright delivering it into the hands of the governor of the gaol. Taylor appears perfectly satisfied in his own mind that he was justified in putting Mr. Meller to death, and has declared that if Mr. Pope, in conducting his case, had justified the act, instead of attempting to prove its perpetrator insane, he would have succeeded in obtaining an acquittal from the jury. To Mr. Wright he refused to admit that he had done any wrong in murdering Mr. Meller, and voluntarily said he would never reveal how the children's death took place. As has been previously stated, he originally belonged to the Wesleyan body, with which his family appear also to have been connected; but he not only has not expressed any desire to be visited by a minister of that body, but, in answer to a request from his sister to see one of them, he refused to do so. When spoken to on the subject of religion and his present position he says what has taken place is between himself and his God, and that he requires no aid in preparing for his end. The other unhappy convicts, Michael Burke and John Ward, since their condemnation for the murder of the police-officer at Ashton-under-Lyne, have evinced a large amount of regret for their past conduct and its wretched consequences. They devote themselves with earnestness to their awful position, in preparing for their untimely end. Burke, who is a Roman Catholic, has since his condemnation been attended daily by the Rev. Mr. Gibson, a clergyman of that church, and he appears to pay deep attention to the ministrations of that reverend gentleman. On Sunday Taylor and Ward attended Divine service in the chapel of the gaol. Burke, being a Roman Catholic, was attended by the priest of his own persuasion. Taylor, it is said, has, within the last few days, become more familiar, and converses more freely with those who come in contact with him. It is expected that the execution will take place on Saturday, the 13th inst.



GET all vacant ground prepared for winter crops as speedily as possible; but most of this work ought to have been accomplished before this time. Destroy weeds. Liberally supply celery crops with water. A good soaking of manure-water once a-week will greatly assist this crop, and upon light soils 1lb. of salt to 4 gals. of water will prove an excellent stimulant, and will also render the celery more tender and crisp. If it is intended to remove any large evergreens, now is an excellent season for the operation. The writer has removed a vast number of large sizes, and has no recollection of ever having lost one which was removed in August or September. The earlier in the month they are in their new places, the less attention they will require next May or June. Give a liberal soaking of water after planting, and afterwards as necessary. Sow a small bed of lettuce and a good breadth of radishes in a sheltered spot. Plant cauliflowers under hand-glasses, or under a wall where they can be protected in very severe weather. Cabbage upon rich ground, one foot apart each way; every other plant in the line left, may be drawn for greens, and the rest may remain for spring cabbage. The bedding stock for next year's flower beds ought to be either rooted or in a forward state. Where it can be done, the green-house plants, if any, had better be put under glass. The soaking rains which we generally experience about this season, frequently do great damage to tender-rooted plants.

CATANIA.

On page 757 is a fine engraving of this ancient and celebrated city and seaport of Sicily; it is on the east coast of the island, at the foot of Mount Etna, which is shown in the distance. The population is about 70,000. Though suffering frequently from earthquakes, by one of which, in 1693, it was nearly totally destroyed; it has always risen from its ruins finer and more magnificent than ever. It has a noble appearance from the sea, which effect is not diminished on landing, for the streets are regular, spacious, and handsome; and the numerous churches, convents, palaces, and public establishments, principally constructed of lava, faced with magnesian limestone from Malta and Syracuse, and enriched with marbles from the ruins, are magnificent. The very substance that once ravaged its plains, has, by its own decomposition, covered them with soil fertile as the fabled garden of the Hesperides, and on all sides the material of destruction is turned to the purposes of ornament and utility. It has forty-nine churches, a superb cathedral, nineteen convents for men, and ten for women. The university founded in 1445 by Alphonso, of Arragon, is an extensive foundation with annual revenue of above £2,000. The harbour is not equal to the importance of the city, but it is generally full of small craft that resort thither for corn, macaroni, potatoes, olives, wine, amber, soda, snow, and lava.

Catania is very ancient; it is believed to have been founded by the Chalcidians, and had Charondas for its early legislator. Under the Romans, it was the residence of a Pretor, and was adorned with many noble buildings. Owing, however, to the repeated occurrence of earthquakes, and the eruption of lava from Etna, its ancient monuments have been mostly destroyed; but the remains of its amphitheatre, the circumference of which exceeds even that of the Colosseum, as well as of its theatre, odeum, hippodrome, temples, aqueducts, baths, &c., attest its former extent and magnificence.

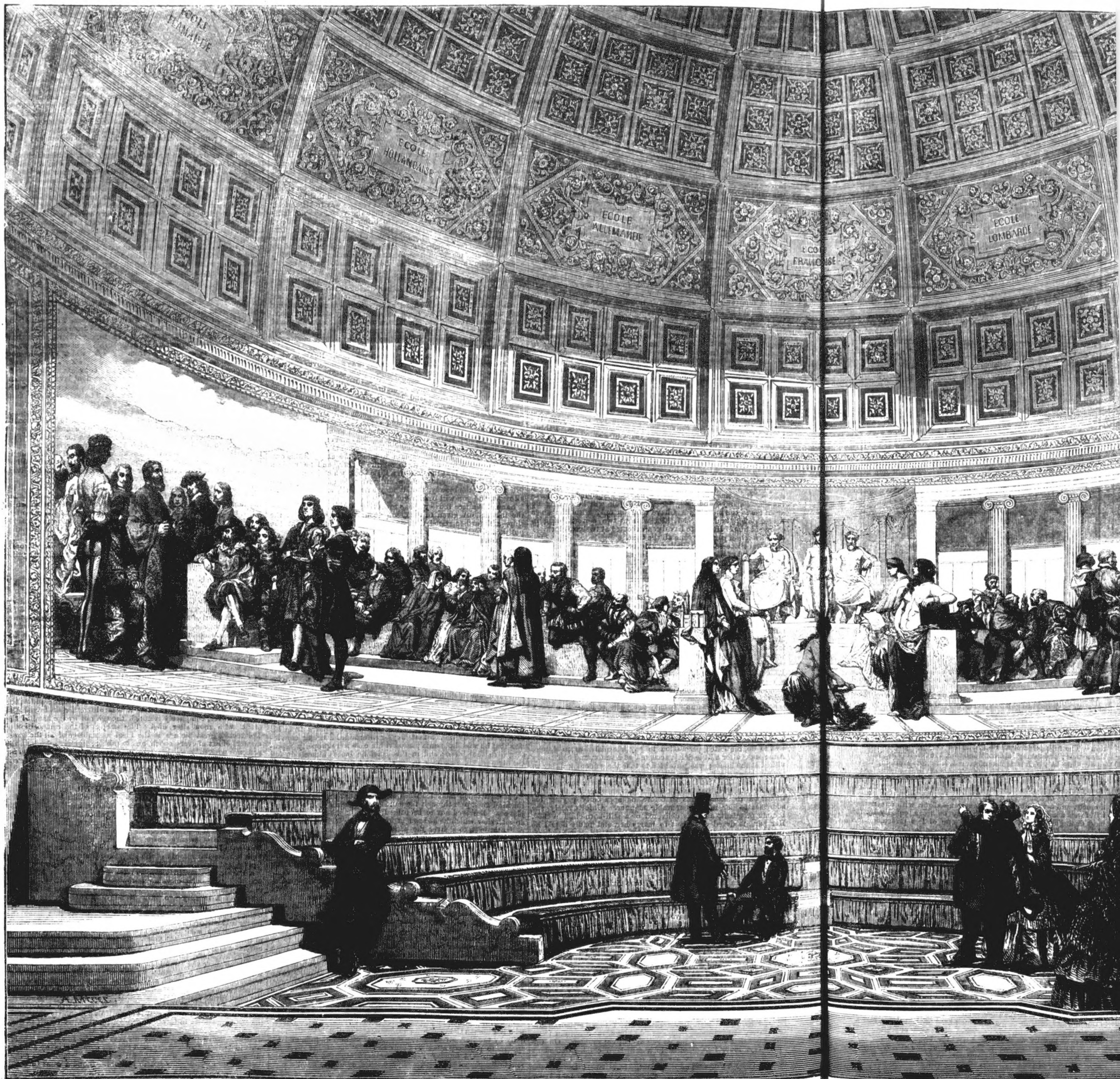
GALLERY OF THE SCHOOL OF THE FINE ARTS AT PARIS.

THE Hall or the Gallery of the Fine Arts, at Paris, of which we offer to our readers a splendid two page engraving, is intended for the distribution of rewards to the pupils in painting, in sculpture, and in engraving. It has the form of a hemicycle, occupied by semicircular steps, above which the wall presents, in its entire development, a vast and celebrated composition painted by Paul Delaroche, which is at once the greatest title of the artist's glory, and one of the most remarkable monumental pictures in Paris. This work, to which Paul Delaroche devoted four years, was first presented to public view in the month of December, 1841. On the 15th December, 1853, the very day on which an academical solemnity was held, the Hall took fire. The fire was soon subdued, but not until serious injury had been done to the picture; and at the first moment it was feared that it was altogether destroyed. It was, however, completely restored, though not by the hand of the artist, who soon after died. The subject of the composition of Delaroche's great picture is the ideal assemblage of all the great masters of art of every epoch, an assemblage divinely solemn, in the presence whereof rewards are bestowed on the young aspirants for glory. Emulation in its excess may often, in France, be an evil; but in the present, and in other cases, it spurs on to great achievements.

THE PRESTON GUILD.

THE origin of the great jubilee which is celebrated in Preston every twentieth year is involved in obscurity, but it is believed by many historians that a guild was held before the time of William the Conqueror. Preston Guild was celebrated, for upwards of five centuries at least, at irregular periods; but since 1562 at regular intervals of twenty years. The first guild record we have was that of 1329, but it is certain that this cannot have been the first, because the records of the festival of that year refer to some "precedent guild." In 1762 the guild mayor was represented in Mr. Parker, of Cuerden Hall, and the guild mayor of 1862, who presided on Monday morning, is represented in Mr. R. T. Parker, of Cuerden Hall, late M.P. for the borough, grandson of the guild mayor of a century ago. On Monday, as early as six o'clock, crowds of people came from the surrounding villages, and by ten o'clock the streets were completely crowded. At that hour the mayor and corporation proceeded to the Grammar School, where many persons were reclaimed, according to ancient rite, freemen of the borough for twenty years. At half-past ten o'clock a procession was formed from the Grammar School, and proceeded to the parish church, through Winckley-street, and up Fishergate. At three o'clock the Grand Guild volunteer review took place on the Preston Moor. A stand capable of holding 1,500 spectators was erected on the ground, and a great many people assembled to witness the review. The whole were reviewed by Major-General the Hon. Sir J. Yorke Scarlett, K.C.B., who was accompanied to the ground by Colonel J. W. Pattin, M.P. for North Lancashire. In the forenoon the weather was beautiful, but shortly after noon the rain came down in torrents for about half an hour as if to give an additional proof that rainy weather is aptly called "volunteer" weather. Notwithstanding the distress in the town, the inhabitants looked cheerful and gay, and though perhaps "many a smart cap and bonnet were wanting," all seemed determined to enjoy themselves as well as they possibly could. Blondin went through his performances on the marsh.

IMPORTING tea not covered with colour prevents the Chinese passing off inferior leaves, hence Hornum's tea is the pure & cheapest, and best. Sold by 2,280 agents.



GALLERY OF THE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS AT PARIS (See page 759.)



GALLERY OF THE SCHOOL OF FINE ARTS AT PARIS (See page 759.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

COVENT GARDEN.—Wallace's beautiful opera, "Maritana," was reproduced here on Monday, with several changes in the cast. Mdlle. Parepa, being the gipsy heroine, and Mr. Weiss, the *Don Jose*. The scenery and judicious grouping of the numerous characters, that in several of the scenes occupy the stage, left nothing to be desired in the getting up. It is now, we believe, seventeen years since "Maritana" was first produced, and the many elegant melodies with which this fine work abounds, have always, throughout this period, on its production, been sufficient to draw large and delighted audiences, and never more so than on Monday, when all the well-remembered music came with a renewed charm upon the ear. Mdlle. Parepa's fine voice was heard to great advantage in the part of *Maritana*. The cavatina, "Tis the harp in the air," and the ballad, "Scenes that are the brightest," drew unanimous encores. "In happy moments," "Turn on old time," and other well-known pieces were listened to with evident gratification, by a house crowded in every part. To Mr. Harrison, who first created the part of the reckless vagabond, *Don Cesar de Bazan* must be awarded in a great measure the success of the opera. His rendering of the fine song, "Then let me like a soldier fall" drew forth the most hearty encore of the evening; his impersonation of the *Don* is one of the most natural conceptions on the lyric stage. Miss Susan Pyne took the part of *Lazarillo* in a style that deserves particular mention, the other characters were all satisfactorily filled. Miss S. Dobson makes her first appearance on Monday in "Lurline."

SURREY.—The energetic caterers for amusement at this place of entertainment have this week, in consequence of its great success, continued the representation of Shakspeare's "Richard the Third," the parts of *Richard* and *Richmond* being taken by the lessees. We need scarcely inform our readers that Mr. Creswick's careful rendering of the King left nothing to be desired. The other characters have been likewise well sustained.

ASTLEY'S.—Among the many changes taking place in metropolitan theatrics, one of the most startling announcements is that the time-honoured circle at Astley's is shortly to be abolished, to make way for a gigantic pit, wherein her Majesty's subjects may sit and witness the legitimate drama as represented by a new and efficient company, under the management of the celebrated tragedian, Mr. James Anderson.

VICTORIA.—The performances have this week been varied by the production of a new and original drama of the class ever attractive to the *habitues* of this home of melo-drama, entitled, "Love, Hate, and Vengeance," supported by Messrs. Rickards, Lingham, Fredericks, &c., and from the applause with which it is received, we may add it is likely to retain possession of the boards for some time to come.

EFFINGHAM.—"The Road to Transportation," dramatised from the popular tale published in the "Halfpenny Gazette," has been produced here with complete success. The company engaged here are exceedingly strong for a minor house, and most ably sustain the several characters who figure in the admirable tale as published in the above work.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The directors here have, during the present season, evinced great anxiety to put forth most attractive programmes, in addition to the attraction proper, in order to share with other caterers for public enjoyment the benefits accruing from the vast influx of pleasure-seekers from the provinces and Continent. This week, the Mammoth Balloon, Waterworks, Blondin, Forester's Fete, Fruit and Flower Shows, have attracted thousands to certainly the most delightful retreat near London.

The International Exhibition.

NOTHING has transpired as yet from official quarters on the subject of keeping the Exhibition open some weeks later than the date originally appointed for closing—namely, the 18th of October. There is, however, so strong a feeling growing on the part of a large portion of the provincial public, especially in those counties where the harvest must necessarily be late, for postponing the day of final closing, that the commissioners will no doubt take the matter seriously into consideration. The remarkable prosperity of the affairs of the Exhibition, at this moment far exceeding that of the Great Exhibition at a corresponding period, and the extreme likelihood that the stream of visitors will rather increase than diminish as time wears on, will no doubt exert a strong influence on the decision, as it would be both folly and injustice to close the doors in the absence of any overwhelming necessity upon an influx of money into the coffers of the Exhibition, tending so materially to the eventual safety of the guarantors.

THE SMALL-POX IN SHEEP.

The *Derizes Gazette* records an alarming circumstance, in these terms:—

"It has come to our knowledge that 260 lambs were sold by a farmer in this neighbourhood (Mr. Neate, of Allcannings) at Marlborough Fair last Friday, which were ascertained on the following day to have had the smallpox among them for a fortnight previously, some of them, when examined, having pustules fully formed on parts of their body where the disease is most easily discernible. That Mr. Neate was aware of the fact when he sent the lambs to Marlborough we cannot for a moment suppose. Indeed, had he been so, he would not only have rendered himself liable to a heavy penalty for exposing them for sale 'in any market, fair, or open or public place,' but for even driving them along the turnpike road. But he does not appear to have been aware that his flock had been impregnated with the disease until the day after the fair, when on examining the sheep and lambs which were upon his farm many of them were found to have the pox fully developed over their bodies. He then did the only thing he could do to retrieve the mischief he had caused. He set off immediately to Lambourne, whither the lambs had been driven by their purchaser, Mr. Lousley, and had them back to Allcannings, returning Mr. Lousley the money he had paid for them. So far all would have been well; but it was ascertained that these 260 lambs had been driven off with about 700 other sheep which Mr. Lousley had purchased at the fair, and had remained with them all night, and, in fact, until the arrival of Mr. Neate with the alarming news that they had probably got the smallpox, and which on examination proved to be too true. Mr. Neate has, we hear, since had the greater part of his flock inoculated by Professor Simonds, who appears, unfortunately, to have as much work upon his hands in this way as he can well attend to; for Mr. Neate's flock, we are sorry to say, is not the only other flock in which the disease has shown itself since our last."

EXTRAORDINARY DUEL.—Two sisters, named Munzia and Maria Granata, fought a duel at Naples a few days back, from motives of jealousy. The combat took place with the national weapon, the knife, and one of the sisters was killed on the spot, while the other, who still survives, received as many as eighteen wounds.

MAY AND DECEMBER.—Last week, in the parish of Kinglass, a gay old man, aged eighty years, got married to his servant girl, of the interesting age of sixteen. The bridegroom is a small farmer, possessed of five or six acres of land.—*Connacht Watchman*.

Sporting.

BETTING ON THE RACES AT TATTERSALL'S.

ST. LEDGER.—7 to 2 agst Marquis; 5 to 1 agst Buckstone; 7 to 1 agst Carlsbrook; 10 to 1 agst Caractacus; 12 to 1 agst Exchequer; 16 to 1 agst Argonaut; 20 to 1 agst Stockwell Colt; 22 to 1 agst Hurricane; 25 to 1 agst Old Calabar; 25 to 1 agst Johnny Armstrong.

RACING FIXTURES.

SEPTEMBER.

Cheadle 8	Doncaster . . . 16	Monmouth . . . 25
Warwick 9	Brecon 17	Lanark 25
Kings Lynn . . 10	Wordsley . . . 22	Manchester . . 26
Totnes & Bridge-	Belford 23	St. George's (late
town 10	Richmond . . . 23	Pain's Lane . . 29
Leicester . . . 11	Walsall 24	Newmarket F O . 30

OCTOBER.

Chesterfield . . 1	Royal Caledonian	Perth 16
Edinburgh & L O 1	Hunt & Kelsol . 7	Gloucester . . 21
Felton 6	Newmarket S O . 13	Newmarket H . 27
Bedford 7		

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

A LETTER in a New York paper describes the state of this battle-field on Monday morning, after the engagement, when both parties were burying their dead:—"A few of our gravediggers had mingled with the rebel gravediggers, and both had suspended their functions to hold an argument. The lieutenant ordered the Federals into their own lines, and prevented, it may be, a miniature battle among the disputants. I must say for my conductor that he had a frank face and a fair manner, a goodly mingling of the polite citizen with the stern soldier. We rode into a piece of woods not half a mile from Slaughter's Mountain, and beheld the spot where Unionist and rebel had tugged and tussled face to face, parrying and thrusting with cold steel. Some of the rebels seemed to have edged over to our lines, and fell among our men, while some of the Unionists were quite turned round, and lay in a bevy of their enemies. The rebels claim to have blown up several caissons left behind us on Saturday evening, and to have picked up more than 2,000 arms, with upwards of sixty horses. I saw, what had been previously undiscovered, about fifty muskets stacked against a piece of scrub timber, and within our lines as re-established. A great number of our wounded were carted from the field by ambulances. They had lain two days upon the sites of their fall, and were nearly famished, and perished. We took in, perhaps, 400 on Monday, between nine o'clock and dark. The enemy had charitably relieved the necessities of a few; but their provisions being limited, they were obliged to desert some of the most helpless. Many men merely had broken limbs, upon which they could not stand. Several cases of amputation were undergone on the field, and by two o'clock no wounded men remained between our lines and the enemy's. I did not make much inquiry as to the position of the rebel batteries, but the lieutenant courteously pointed out the position of the heavy thirty-two's that still looked down from the mountain side from Slaughter's residence. He appeared to be very proud of the battery, and said that it had been manned by the 'right stuff.' He likewise followed up the various changes of ground during the course of the action, and made, in truth, a pretty fair statement of things. When the fight commenced, we sent a shell directly through the roof of Mr. Crittenden's house, when most of the family decamped. A Miss Crittenden, said to be comely and fair to look upon, refused, however, to absent herself, and insisted upon remaining with the wounded rebels, who were rapidly being carried to the house. Directly a shell came hurling down through the roof and floors into the very apartment where the young lady was pouring in oil and wine. It did not burst, however, and she remained till the end, doing good. A number of mounted officers rode down to the tributary stream at noon, chiefly lieutenants, &c., and spoke upon trivial topics, without embarrassment, to certain of our officers of equal rank."

THE AUTUMNAL VISIT OF THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF THE FRENCH TO BIARRITZ.

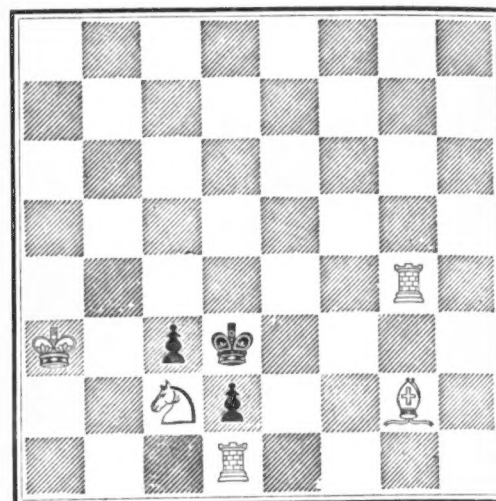
FOR several years past Biarritz has been honoured with a visit from the Emperor and Empress, who appear to find much pleasure in the seclusion and invigorating sea breezes here to be enjoyed. It is a secluded watering-place, and until their making it an occasional residence, but little known. It has, however, now become a fashionable place of resort, for the *elite* of French society. The imperial visitors here take daily walks and rides unmolested by impatient curiosity.

Biarritz is situated on the shores of the Bay of Biscay, about five miles from Bayonne, which is said to have originated and given the name to the celebrated weapon, the bayonet, which was first brought into use during the siege of 1523. Biarritz consists of a group of whitewashed lodging-houses, cafes, inns, cottages, and buildings of various kinds, scattered over rolling eminences and hollows destitute of trees on the sea shore, which is here fenced with cliffs 40 or 50 feet high, excavated by the waves into numberless quiet bays and curious caverns. In these retreats the sea occasionally roars and chafes, perforating the rocks with holes and undermining huge masses, which are detached from time to time; and some of them left like islands at some distance from the shore, still project above the waves. From the tops of these cliffs, especially that which bears the ruins of an old fort or lighthouse, you look, says Murray in his valuable handbook, "over the wide expanse of the Bay of Biscay, bounded on the right by the French coast, on which rises the new *Phare* showing the way into the mouth of the Adour; and on the left by the shore of Spain beyond St. Sebastian, with peaks of distant sierras rising behind it. The limpid purity of the sea and the smoothness of the sand render bathing in the sheltered bays most agreeable. French ladies and gentlemen, 'en costume des bains,' consume hours in aquatic promenades. The ladies may be seen floating about like mermaids, being supported on bladders, corks, or gourds, attired in wollen trousers covering the feet, and overshadowed by broad-brimmed hats. The geologist will be interested to recognise in the rocks at Biarritz the fossils of the lower chalk, and greensand, though the rock here assumes an external character very different from that to which we are accustomed in England. Omnibuses and cocus are constantly plying between the baths and the Porte d'Espagne of Bayonne. The ancient mode of conveyance hither, which is peculiar to the spot, but is now becoming obsolete, was to ride 'en caecole.' In this mode of conveyance, the rider, seated on one side of a hack, in a wooden frame fitting to a horse's back as a pair of spectacles does to the human nose, occupies the place of a pannier on one side of an ass's back, while his conductor, usually a stout and burly lass, fills the opposite division and by her weight the balance is preserved." It is chiefly peasants, however, and market people who now-a-days ride "en caecole." Near Biarritz is the Villa Eugenie, built by the Emperor as a marine residence for the Empress. It is constructed of English bricks, which have cost, it is said, at the rate of sixpence a piece. It is, nevertheless, but a modest mansion, small, and standing close to the sea.

"VICTOR HUGO," says a letter in the *Phare de la Loire*, "is expected at Brussels, where his publishers, Messrs. Lacroix and Verboeckoven, are preparing to honour him with a grand banquet, to which a large number of journalists have been invited."

Chess.

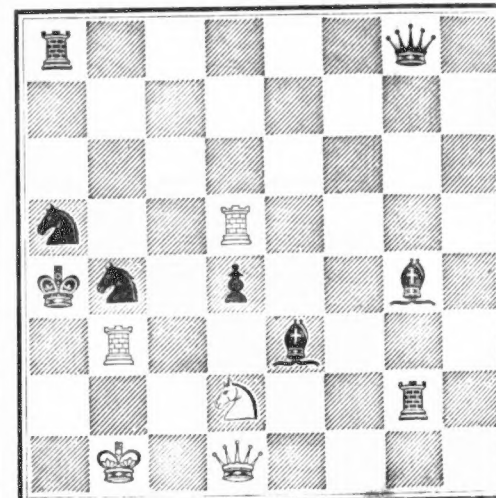
PROBLEM No. 51.—By W. W. Black.



White.

White to mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 52.—By D'ORVILLE. Black.



White.

White to move and draw.

F. CARR.—The work to which you allude is out of print. A copy of it can be seen at Reis's Divan in the Strand.

G. FOSTER.—What reply can White make if Black play 3. B to Q 4, in Problem No 1. No 2 is much too easy.

E. A. T. HARRIS.—In the problem submitted by you, we do not see that the game is decidedly against White if he do not check. White's position is unassailable.

T. BOND.—We shall endeavour to comply with your request, and publish a few more of the games between the players referred to.

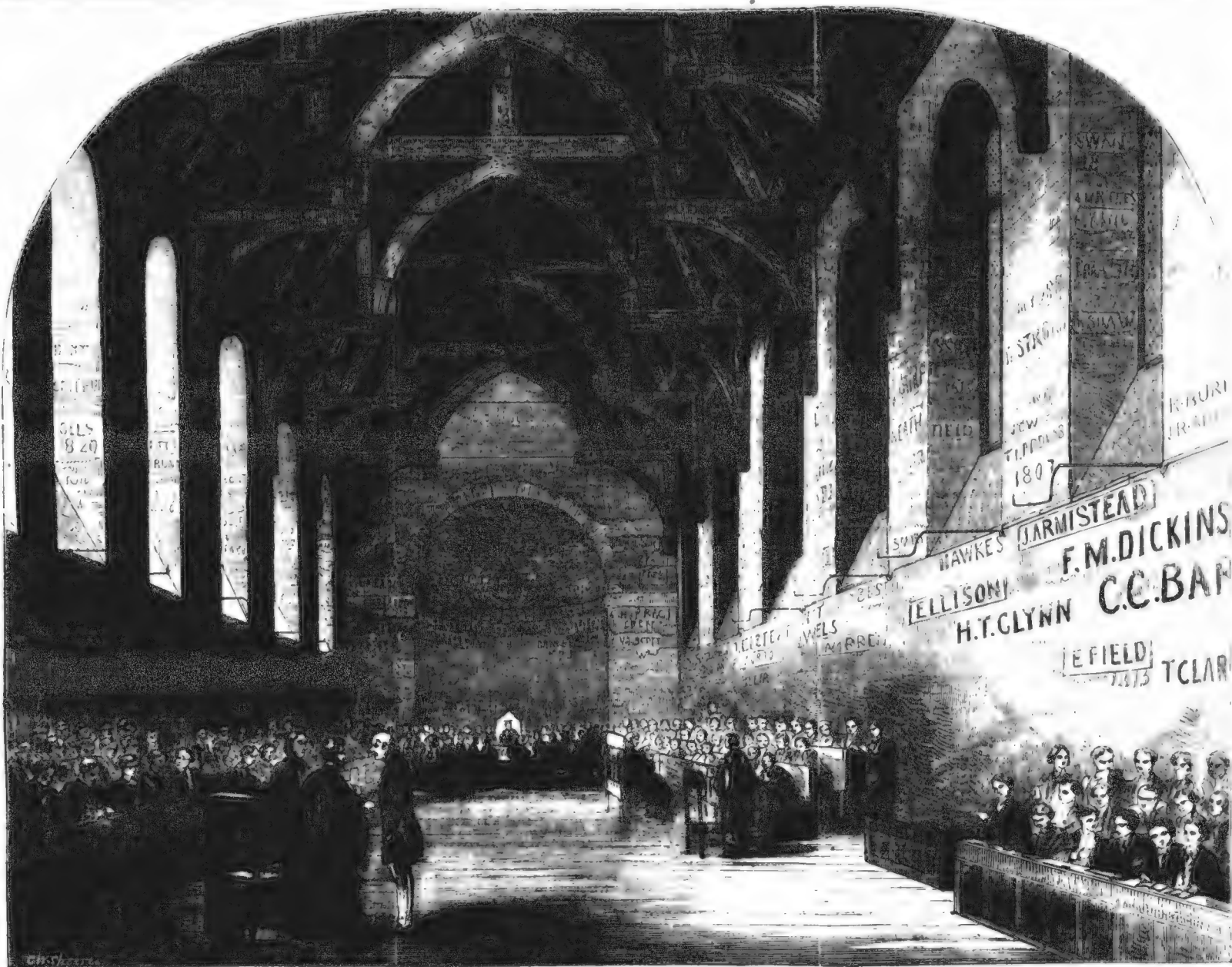
C. P.—There is no positive rule against "Castling" in a problem, but such positions are generally very easy and uninteresting.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

IN the list of fashionable materials, foulard still retains its reputation. The robe peignoir and burnous are very generally made in this article; and taking into consideration the variety of patterns and colours in which it is manufactured, it is not surprising that it should continue so much in favour. Those of Indian manufacture in gold, maize, or dust colour, form charming toilettes, more or less dressy according to the style in which they are trimmed. A skirt of plain foulard of a superior quality, trimmed with two narrow fluted flounces, and a veste burnous or saute-en-barque, with one narrow frill forms a simple toilette, which may be worn equally by the most distinguished lady of fashion or by one of less pretension. A plain violet foulard, braided in a large pattern, forming a wreath, and a saute-en-barque body and veste braided to match, constitute another style in which this article is becoming made up. No more elegant morning dress can be imagined, in this material, than a white gown with bouquets of flowers scattered over it. It is also now worn for evening dress in the country or at watering-places. They are very suitable for young girls, when made with cash tied behind, and two long ends, and the skirt trimmed with the two narrow flounces so generally worn. They are edged with white or coloured taffetas. Shawls are quite out of favour though we believe this is only for a time. The hats of this season, which are not precisely chapeaux de ville—as it is the only exception to see them worn in the town—are of four different shapes, and comprise the chapeau batelier, which is the largest; the chapeau marin, of smaller dimensions; the chapeau Tudor, with raised sides; and the chapeau Imperatrice, which is flat at the sides, slightly falling both before and behind, and a raised crown. The month of August has added a fifth, which seems to be gaining favour. We allude to the Marie Antoinette form, the crown of which is small and high, and the brim narrow and flat. It is very much trimmed with feathers and flowers, placed just on the top of the head. The hair is drawn back and crimped, with large curls on each side of the head, and plaits at the back. Those made in black and white crinoline or Lausanne straw are much used for travelling, and are generally trimmed with small bunches of flowers or fruit. There is but little novelty at the present time for bonnets in toilettes de ville. The most fashionable are mostly of fine straw, trimmed with bouillottes of tulle and marabouts, or of rice straw with an aigrette, black and red. Strings trimmed with the same colour, and the edge trimmed with a ruche of black and red silk.—*Le Follet*.

LANCASHIRE DISTRESS.—Collections were made in Birmingham parish church, by the Rev. Dr. Müller, rector, on Sunday last, when the amount collected was £160.

A JEREMY DIDDLE.—A tall gentlemanly-looking person, with a high coloured beard, who gave the name of Edward Warren Martin, was brought before Mr. Dayman, charged with uttering a forged cheque. It appeared in evidence that on the previous afternoon the prisoner entered the King's Head public-house, High-street, Wandsworth, at the time Mr. Green, the landlord, was writing a letter in the smoking parlour. The prisoner then addressed him by asking him to lend him a pencil to back a cheque. He stated that he was going to pay it away, that his governor had met with an accident in the country by breaking his leg, and he had come to pay the bill. His governor called a lady on the lill, at Wandsworth. He then asked Mr. Green to sign a bill with him, and he would return in half an hour. He returned at the time, and partook of a substantial dinner, and afterwards had two four-pennyworths of whiskey and water, amounting altogether to 2s. 4d. When the time came for payment, he stated that he had lost his purse, and that he must have left it at the lady's house when he had paid the cheque. Mr. Green told him that he thought he had no money by his manner, upon which the prisoner produced a cheque, and desired the landlord to take his bill and give him the change. It was a cheque drawn on the Southwark branch of the London and Westminster Bank by Thomas Mara Fell for £16, payable to Mr. Wilson, and dated August 28, 1862. Mr. Green had suspicion that it was not correct, and asked the prisoner for his address. He refused, but said he would give his name and address if he would walk round to the station. Mr. Green accompanied him to the station, and he was asked for his name and address. He refused to give his name, and he was then taken to the station, and charged with uttering a forged cheque; and upon Mr. Green intimating his intention to charge him, he produced another cheque for £9 10s. On searching him, a third cheque was found in the lining of his hat, and a portion of a fourth cheque was found on the ground, where he was standing. An empty purse was found upon him. Sergeant Usher made inquiries, and found that the cheques were forged. He also found that in 1857 a person of the prisoner's description had an account at the bank, and that he was supplied with a cheque-book, and that soon afterwards the account ceased. Mr. Dayman remanded the prisoner.



INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

"London Colon."

ITS STREETS.—ITS HOUSES AND ITS PEOPLE.—ITS ODD SCENES AND STRANGE CHARACTERS.—ITS MYSTERIES, MISERIES, AND SPLENDORS.—ITS SAD MEMORIES AND COMIC PHASES.
BY THE HERMIT OF KILFER CHANCE.

No. 15.—WESTMINSTER SCHOOL.

Who has not heard of the Westminster Boys, their dramas and disputations, and of the masters who have made the world ring with the fame of their learning, almost as much as they have made the school reverberate with the sounds of the lash and the sob of the lashed? Personally all the awful visions that ever shook the nerves of juvenile dreamers of punishment, and who but Dr. Busby's terrible shadow rises to the view?

It is said that much of the traditional character of this exemplar of pedagogues is exaggerated, but there is reason to believe the contrary. No historical or biographical fact is better authenticated than the extraordinary and, we would now say, brutal severity of the chastisements which he was in the constant habit of inflicting. His belief in the potency of the lash to develop the faculties and eradicate the vices of boys was boundless. In this faith he was a perfect fanatic. In his eyes the rod was a divine instrument ordained by Providence for the cure of all mental and moral infirmities to which boys and young men are liable. When the great quarrel took place between Dr. Busby and his second master, Bagsbaw, which ended in Bagsbaw's dismissal, the harshness of Busby's discipline was one of the chief points urged by Bagsbaw against him.

"He has often," said Bagsbaw, "complained to me, and seemed to take it ill that I did not use the rod enough."

In the life of some schoolmaster given in *Nicholl's Library Anecdotes* it is observed that he would chastise pretty severely; but it is still pointed out to his credit that he never did what Busby was in the habit of doing, that is send boys home with a piece of buckram stitched to a particular part of their apparel as a necessary temporary substitute for that part which had been flogged away by the master's zeal for the intellectual welfare of his young friend. But, to do the doctor justice, we have no doubt whipping with him was a piece of honest enthusiasm, and not by any means a mere ebullition of impatience or ill temper.

Pointing to a scholar, he said, one day, "I see great talents in that sulky boy, and I shall endeavour to bring them out."

Dr. South, the wittiest and at the same time the most eloquent of English divines, was the result of the discipline that followed. How could the physician help having faith thenceforward in his medicine? How could he help believing that the birch was the tree of knowledge, and that, unless a lad was an incurable dunce, a dose of rod, to be repeated as often as was necessary, was a certain specific for the disease of ignorance. Some boys, to be sure, could not pass through the ordeal, and these he frankly owned had no business at Westminster. He said his rod was his sieve, according to Dr. Johnson, and whoever could not pass through that was no boy for him. But Busby was the product of a bygone and barbarous age. In these times of ours, with all the imperfections, such coarse and cruel discipline as his would not be tolerated for a single moment. His system was based upon a total misconception of human nature. His success was in reality not his at all. The sterling qualities, the naturally powerful intellects, and the high indomitable spirit of

English boys enabled some of his pupils to defy and survive the soul-crushing treatment of the Westminster pedagogue. We admit, however, that by means of frequent and severe floggings he may have cured some boys both of sulkiness and laziness. But we are quite certain that for every one cured by his method ten were confirmed in their vicious disposition. Indeed, we are fully satisfied that the great men turned out of Westminster and every other School have been great, not in consequence, but in spite of the severe and beastly whippings which they received at school.

Among the great names of which Westminster School is justly proud may be mentioned rare Ben Jonson, George Herbert, Giles Fletcher, Jasper Mayne, William Cartwright, Cowley, Dryden, Nat Lee, Rowe, Prior, Churchill, Dyer, Cowper, Southey, &c. All these were poets of more or less renown. Other great men, Sir Harry Vane (the younger), Hakluyt (the collector of voyages which bear his name), Sir Christopher Wren, Locke, South, Atterbury, Warren Hastings, Gibbon (the historian), Colman (the elder), Earl Russell, &c. &c.

Westminster School was founded, in 1560, by Queen Elizabeth. It was attached to the church of St. Peter's Westminster, and forms a constituent part of the establishment of the cathedral. It is situated in Dean's-yard, and as originally formed, consisted of a dean, twelve prebendaries, twelve almoners, and forty scholars, with a master and usher. This is the foundation, but now the School consists of a larger number of masters and a much larger number of boys. The forty are called Queen's scholars, and after an examination which takes place on the first Tuesday after Rogation Sunday, four are elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, and four to Christ's Church, Oxford. A parent wishing to place a boy at this school will get every information from the head master; boys are not placed on the foundation under twelve or above thirteen years of age. Formerly the foundation, or forty were separated from the town boys when in school by a bar or curtain. The schoolroom was a dormitory belonging to the Abbey, and retains certain traces of its ancient ornaments. The College Hall, originally the abbot's refectory, was built by Abbot Littleton, in the reign of Edward III., and the old *louvre* is still used for the escape of the smoke. The dormitory or sleeping compartment was built by the Earl of Burlington in 1722.

In conformity with the old custom, the Queen's scholars perform a play of Terence's every year at Christmas, with a Latin prologue and epilogue relating to passing political events, and therefore new on each occasion.

Owing to the high patronage under which such a school necessarily existed, admission into it has always been greatly desired by the parents of the very highest rank for their children. The election of the forty Queen's scholars is from the town boys, and is conducted by a very severe and exciting ordeal. At the commencement of Lent, a certain number of boys, generally from twenty to thirty, announce themselves to the master as candidates for college. An arduous training is passed through by each boy, before the day of the contest arrives, under the care of one who has already gone through the ordeal, and a most interesting feature of the business is, the zeal of these assistants for their "men" as they call them. Morning, noon, and eve, they are constantly by their side, teaching them all the tactics of the intellectual carte and tierce for which they are preparing. The great event comes at last. The candidates are arranged according to their forms in the school, and their places in the forms. The "helps" are at hand to give all possible assistance. A lesson, some Greek epigrams perhaps is set, and the two lowest boys, figuratively speaking, enter the

arena. The lowest of these is the challenger, and now calls upon his adversary to translate one of the epigrams, to parse any particular number of words, and to answer any grammatical question connected with the subject. Demand after demand is made and correctly replied. Baffled, but still determined, the challenger pursues, and at last some unlucky mistake is made. The headmaster who sits as judge is appealed to. "It was a mistake" is the decision. The challenger and the challenged now change places on the form, and then the first challenged, with a fierce eagerness, repeats the process by putting his questions. This continues till one of them is exhausted, feels he is beaten, and resigns the contest. The conqueror now flushed with victory, turns to the boy above him, and supposing him to be victorious again and again, he will pass step by step upward, taking, say fifteen, say, twenty places in succession, before he too, is stopped, and quails under a more potent mind. The result is that from seven to ten of the boys are elected into the college according to their precedence on the list of the most successful competitors to take the places of those sent to the universities. Both town boys and Queen's scholars pay pretty handsomely for their education. There is an entrance fee of ten guineas, and the annual payments are for the Queen's scholars seventeen guineas, and the town boys twenty-three guineas. Many of the town boys and the whole of the Queen's scholars are boarders; the former pay fifty-three guineas per annum, the latter twenty-four. As we have observed the present foundation dates from Queen Elizabeth; but it is a well-known historical fact, that there was a free school at Westminster as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, in which German and logic were taught, and in which Queen Edgitha took a strong personal interest. These are valuable facts when we consider that they are the very earliest of which we have cognizance relating to the great subject of education in the capital of the British empire.

The Queen's scholars sleep in the dormitory, and dine in the fine old hall, formerly the abbots refectory, and there, in less degenerate times, they also breakfasted on bread and cheese and beer, at six o'clock in the morning. The number of assistant masters varies with that of the scholars. The education here, we need hardly mention, is essentially classical. To give any idea of the number of the scholars who, by their subsequent career, have shed a glory over the school that educated them, is all but hopeless. Embarrassed by too much wealth, the historian of the school does not attempt to mention any but those who have been distinguished by their election to the Universities. Among these we find John Dryden, in 1650, who signalled himself at the school by translating the third satire of "Persius" for a Thursday night's exercise, as he has informed us in a prefatory advertisement to the published satire. Next comes Locke, who was elected to Oxford in 1652. Then a batch of poets: Smith, Prior, Rowe, and Dryden's rival, Elkanah Settle. Smith's election was marked by a very unusual compliment. His performances as a candidate were so remarkable that a contest ensued between the two Universities of Oxford and Cambridge as to which should have him. Those of Cambridge had that year the preference, and they elected him; but the Oxford people, no less determined, did what they could, they offered the young scholar a studentship in one of the colleges, and he accepted it. This was remarkable. Seven cities fought for the honour of being Homer's birthplace. Two Universities fought for the honour of educating Smith. Fortunate Smith! Poor Homer! The "blind bard" never was at any university, probably never at any school.

Literature.

ORIGINAL TALES.

LITTLE ELSIE.
TWO LIFE STORIES.

PART III.—Continued.

KNOWLEDGE may be power, but as in the moral world of life it turns out to be so much weakness (the paradox is to be found illustrated every day), we may now and then be thankful that "ignorance is bliss," and sleep soundly upon it.

The man who now obsequiously took off his hat, and halted by the head of the young rider's horse, was named Hiram Roper—was about forty years of age, and had a leering expression of cunning and affected good humour about him, which might work upon a frank and open nature, and one never suspecting aught, also betrayed while it was confident of a thorough belief.

"Welcome home, my lord," he said, bowing lowly. "Your honoured mother, my lady, will be glad to see you, and so will another person, who shall just now be nameless," and, "mowing low," he turned into a wooded pathway and departed, leaving the young man in some conflict of feeling, which he could not readily comprehend.

Lord Morton had no great liking for the man at any time, but he felt at whom the insinuation was pointed.

She was so beautiful.

He so young and handsome.

Has anybody who read these pages been young and beautiful?

Has any other body ("Any other man!") to catch the slang of the day, been young and handsome?

This writer has—

But no, let us pursue our story.

Young Morton felt something like a guilty pang strike him, as he dwelt upon the words intimating that "another (besides his mother) would be glad to see him;" for he knew by instinct who was meant by the phrase, and he felt an instinctive dislike for the vulgar boor who had, in so insidious a manner, associated himself with Lord Morton Elwood, and, above all, with the beautiful girl he was by this so eager to meet.

Down the noble avenue, and under the grateful shade, while grass, and trees, and flowers filled the air with odours; and birds, and water, and murmuring breezes with carollings, the youthful heir to the princely estate passed slowly on, the tired steed by no means objecting to the easy pace, his generally impetuous master permitted him to assume; and presently at an angle of the building, where a way led to the stables, he dismounted, gave his horse to a startled groom, and took a path striking out from the front of the hall, which led him, in a few minutes, to the conservatory and the flower gardens, where he wished to walk about awhile, and collect his scattered thoughts.

The June roses were in all their bloom, their odour, their glory.

So multitudinous, too, were the masses of clustering bloom—so gorgeous the unrivalled display of colours—so glorious the whole spectacle—so completely, largely, and instantaneously had Nature, on this especial morning, displayed herself in all the glory of her voluptuous and languid beauty, that Morton's strong and manly frame, yielded to the enervating tendency of the warm, golden glory, all-embracing as it was, and a sense of enervation crept over him, such as destroyed the iron thews of Hannibal's hardy soldiers at Capua, and which turns men of nerve, muscle, and bone into the exhausted Sybrites who groan with pain if on their couch of roses only one leaf be rumpled beneath their tender bodies.

The whole picture—blossoms and blossoms almost blinding to the eye, relieved by the green background of trees, bushes, grassy lawns, slopes, and the like—looked, the whole looked, as if not a single element to complete the enchanting picture were wanting; and Morton looked around, leaning against a marble fawn, with a sigh of indescribable pleasure.

In another moment he found that the scene might have lacked completeness even to the most captious eye; and now he admitted nothing farther was wanting, and that the last element the heart of man, poet, painter, or sculptor, could crave for, was there, to render the matchless picture unique and perfect.

His eye fell on a figure and face he knew at once to be the Little Elsie of old—Elsie Greenfield—a young woman in all the regal splendour of a beauty on which bounteous Nature lavishes all her skill, her art, her dexterity (Nature has a good idea of "art" about her) in perfecting the exquisite creation before him.

In all his life—even in the tumultuous dreamings of youth, when all that is beautiful appeals to the fervid and feverish senses—he had seen nothing like this.

She was a poet's ideal incarnate; she was clothed with a loveliness that wears by description. Lustrous eyes; stormy hair; a very tempest of that which crowns a woman's beauty—cheeks of "heaven's own white and red," and a figure so complete and faultless, that the famed Venus of the Vatican would have been rivalled in a competition for harmonious proportions.

He drew near to her, rapt—speechless—adoring—a wild throbbing at the region of the heart, left him almost incapable of breathing.

He was overwhelmed for the time, and like one in a half-delirious dream, could not reduce sense or feeling to any coherent or comprehensible form.

She had not seen him as yet, her attention being otherwise engaged.

The exquisite head was bent downwards; the lambent eyes were watching the unfolding of a flower.

He still approached her, and his lips uttered her name.

"Elsie!"

"Morton!"

He has clasped her to his breast—his lips are on hers; heart beating against heart. No confession—no confidence, can be required. They love—they know it; and the garden has become an Eden!

PART IV.—THE DREAMERS AWAKENED.

THERE are some portions of a story, such as we have been induced to sketch out for our readers, which must of necessity be glanced at only, and then passed over.

The dream fever was over, the delicious hour was past and gone, and the "Two lives," which constitute the staple of this narrative, were as wide apart, for ever and for ever in this world at least, as the two poles of the earth.

Eclipse, black as sin and death, had fallen on the two young, fond hearts; and the sun that shone in that fair, occedental heaven of beauty, of purity, of truth—all to become stained, lost, and alien—had gone shuddering back into that Egyptian darkness, never to shine forth again.

Morton Elwood was no mere, vulgar seducer, who places a woman's ruin as a feather in his foul, fool's cap; and sinned, with the partner of

directly, accrue to him—the docile and inventive Hiram Roper was a main and foremost agent.

The present writer, who may be supposed to know the ramifications of the accursed plot, but who does not; or, if knowing, cannot give clear evidence thereon, must ask the reader to take as much for granted as he sees necessary, while the story is followed to its close.

Elwood Hall was very lonely, through the sobbing autumn and the black, bitter winter that approached the spring, as the lonely widow of the late Sir Lionel sat shivering by the fire, and moaned for the brave, noble boy that was to be by her side no more.

Let justice be done to her, frivolous woman of fashion, gay beauty and coquette as she may have been in her time and day, when everything contributed to make her this and these, she mourned sincerely, and in a true woman's spirit, for the lost Elsie, whose smile and voice she had grown to be so fond of.

It was not a mere empty sorrow that the chastened woman felt. The girl had crept into and around her solitary heart, and had found an abiding place therein.



his sin, in the electric storm of passion, in which loftier, higher, and purer souls have shared.

But the horror and the reaction came back, when the ruin was complete, and he looked with loathing, and with an undefined awe at the snarled aspect which his own soul presented to him.

The aged and broken-hearted woman, who so far was yet the mistress of Elwood, was now alone! There was no son there to support her feeble steps on the garden walk.

The fair and innocent girl, who had been her companion and confidant, her second child as it were, was gone—gone, never to awaken another smile on the wrinkled face with her presence.

Eden, that Eden we have but just seen, when it was a tangled, weedy mass of repulsive overgrowth, Nature had shrunk from as if in very shame; and what beauty was left, was only the beauty of desolation, the haggard outlines of a dumb, stark terror.

In this wicked business—the individual we have seen in the last chapter, who gave to the young lord so sinister a welcome, who had counted, by some devilish intuition into human nature which he possessed, all the consequences to follow, and all the advantages which would, directly or in-

She caused inquiries to be made, which, utterly "regardless of expense" (to use a modern phrase), were wholly and utterly useless. Hiram Roper might have aided her, but Hiram Roper was either ignorant of this, had his own "little game" in view, or had decided to give no clue to the whereabouts of either.

Lord Morton Elwood has quitted college for ever and for good, or for evil, as might now be fairly predicted of him.

He was drinking of the cup which the harlot and the gambler, the spendthrift, the debauchee, and the doomed had for some time past been filling for him.

He had destroyed a beautiful, a matchless creature, as he felt, body and soul, and the unquenchable fires were lit up in his being and pervading it.

And so time and tide went on, and one went the way of heart-break, and the other sought the mad path which finally may lead to death and the grave.

Vauxhall—now among the things of the fast forgotten past—was then in the zenith of its modern fame, and the "women of quality,"

equally with the courtesan, sought to rival each other in their pernicious attractions.

It was a brilliant night. The "twenty-thousand extra lamps" were lit, and in that strange mingle, where everything that looks real is so false—where music makes the pulses beat, and flashing eyes dart out significant looks through the masquerading masks the women wore, and ogled and coquetted, and darted love and hatred by turns—on some such night Lord Morton, leaning on the arm of a friend, sauntered idly into the garden.

Since we last saw him—and something like the space of a year and a-half only has elapsed—a sad, a striking change has taken place in the look and aspect of the handsomest young man Nature might have been proud to own as her handiwork.

No healthy white, and ruddy red and brown on the cheek—no clear, lucid light in the quick grey eyes—no latent vigour in the elastic step, the light vivid action—no fervour in the eager air—nothing alive in him that was alive before.

It was more a man dead while living—he was so changed.

Would she—lost—gone—and oh! so mourned for now—would she have known him had she met him?

Even that might be doubtful.

He wears the outline, the shadow, the haggard phantom of his fine masculine beauty yet, but it touches in the gazer a sense of the beauty that is allied to terror, and which might provoke a tear of pity from the most indifferent.

He was tall, strongly framed, muscular—a "man of his inches," as the expression goes, but it was not his limbs that had lost their vigour, his frame its striking and bold outlines—it was the face—one so handsome—now so expressive in every worn and hollow lineament of the man's moral wreck.

A "haggard Antinous," as some one has before remarked, bearing testimony to the excesses which wear, which kill, which destroy for ever, and hopelessly—the body and the soul.

But over and above, and through all this, there was a look of restless terror, a vague idea of a foregone and understood conclusion of an achievement which he would have given the world and all therein to have undone—a sense of intolerable fear in his quick restless glances, so strangely belied by the listless apathy of his walk and bearing.

He was otherwise elegantly dressed, and to observers less critical—a gentleman—neither more nor less.

His friend was a showy man, with something of the half-hidden "rowdiness of the fast man," of the generation just gone by, perceptible in him. Of the turf, "turfy," his talk of Newmarket, of Crockford's, of the courtesies of kept women and little demireps, marked him as one of the fashionable ruffians that were then the danger and the disgrace of the more fashionable quarter of the town.

As he had some garrison anecdotes to relate, too, some messroom blackguardisms to retail, he was early recognised as an "officer and a gentleman," on the palpable and repeatedly proven grounds, that while he was possibly the former, it was in the highest degree probable that he could not—by officer-like infinity of course—be the latter.

Captain Fitzroy was the son of a royal duke, his mother being a Court-end concubine, so you see that—that I am not going on with my story.

"What the devil are you glaring about in that way for?" cried Fitzroy to Lord Morton, as he saw that the other was looking into and through the crowd in every direction.

"I am looking for my fate, my boy. I shall find it presently."

He spoke with an emphasis so bitter and sarcastic, that the speaker was startled.

"You are looking for what?" demanded the other, with a queer, bothered, though half-contemptuous stare.

"What's the use of explaining a mystery of my own to you," returned Morton, with a laugh of chagrin. "And hark you," he continued, "when it seems necessary for you to look for an explanation in my words, which you fancy you can find in my face, understand that I don't—don't like it."

There was a pause.

"Ah! Oh!" at last said Fitzroy, "I see, you are annoyed at something—you don't know what."

"I was annoyed with you," retorted the other, "but have forgotten it now."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed! Yes; but as I am only too ready to quarrel to-night with any man I meet, let us forget, or at least pass over the matter."

"What matter do you speak of?"

Captain Fitzroy put some amount of sternness into his voice, as he spoke now.

It was "mentor" schooling "Telemachus;" but the schooling and the tutor were only leading, in this instance, to those dreadful depths, where man and the devil are comrades, and where no hope ever dawns more.

"Don't speak to me in the tone you are now assuming," said Lord Morton in reply, and turning full upon him. "I am in no mood for it. And, I think, you know sufficient of me to - to let well alone!"

The significance, which rounded these latter words, seemed to have their full effect; and, as a mutual silence followed, both walked on through the gardens saunteringly together.

But between the two had grown a silence and a distance, which were not to be "accommodated" by any reserved conditions held by either for any future time.

The element of a deadly quarrel had already sprang up between them, and there was no longer the remotest chance of a renewed "understanding" between them.

They turned into one of the old, hot, hideous, nauseous "seats," for which Vauxhall was famed; and wine being called for, Morton drank greedily, with the reasonless thirst that makes every man repent of the consequence of indiscretion, more or less, not long after he has committed himself.

They rose sulkily, each had a growing quarrel with the other, and took their way once more through the gardens.

A concert was going on—dancing was going on. The youth and beauty of the town were waltzing and amusing themselves, and all was a modernized version of the "Castle of Indolence," when Fitzroy fairly cried out with pain, as Lord Elwood grasped him by the arm.

"What, in the world, ails you now?" he asked hotly and impatiently.

"Do you see that beautiful girl yonder?" Elwood, as he spoke, pointed to a group of dancers who, male and female, were whirling in the mazes of the maddening and voluptuous waltz.

The music sobbed forth its most intoxicating strains. The dulcet flutes and the thrilling violins united in the exquisite clamours. Women, young and beautiful, with heightened colour, with floating hair, wound round and round the circling, eyelid ring.

One of these was so much more eminently beautiful than the rest, that their general loveliness only served to heighten hers, and to blend the glorious lightning with her more especial charms.

Her ravishing face, her impassioned eyes, the mien of madness that seemed to imbue every pulse, every gesture, every step, fastened every eye upon her.

Morton Elwood's were fixed upon her with a strange, quivering eagerness that betrayed the depth of his emotion.

"It is she," he murmured—"it is she! Oh, heavens! and here—here!"

When he said *here*, the shuddering tone of his voice seemed to imply by its ruin, death, doom, utter perdition.

For it was Elsie—beautiful still beyond compare, but in the midst of the flaunting wantons, in the midst of the harlotry that swarmed and thronged throughout the place, and something more appalling than the awful face of death stared outright, as it were, into Morton's pallid countenance.

Oh, so innocent once!—so pure once!—so undeliled!

And now—now!

It was all his work—his accursed work; and there stands no sin, no crime in the awful catalogue of man's wrong-doing he would not have prepared to confess "guilty" to sooner than that.

"Why, by Jove!" cried Fitzroy, "it's the little beauty your own man (clever scoundrel he is, too) helped to introduce me to."

"What! what! Speak, man, speak!" and as Elwood gasped the word forth he placed his, a large, strong, and now desperate hand on the other's collar.

"Plague on't," he blurted out, "don't be violent! but the fact was—"

He hesitated.

"Go on," said Elwood, with menacing calm, "go on. It's—it's nothing, only a question."

"Why, the fact is, I took a fancy to her, and, you know, all's fair in love as in war—"

"Love!"

The bitterness with which Morton Elwood spoke this word was almost fearful, and his fierce laugh did not tend to make the gallant captain the easier.

"Zounds, man, it was only a bit of garrison strategy after all, and even then not successful!"

"How was that?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, I managed to make her believe you unfaithful to her, and—"

"She fled to you, eh?"

"She fled with me. But, by George, she bolted off from me and this is the first time I've seen her since."

"Oh, my poor Elsie!" groaned the young nobleman, to himself. "What hast thou not borne—what has thou yet to bear? Yet, thank heaven—"

He had, in his excitement said "thank heaven" in a tone so loud that the captain heard him.

"Thank heaven!" he cried; "what for?"

"That she missed a fate still worse—"

"Than what?"

"Than the horrible alternative you had yourself proposed for her."

"My dear fellow, there is very much the tone of Don Quixote in your manner and style," said Captain Fitzroy, in a tone of contemptuous irony.

"Would I had been as noble-hearted a man, and as loyal a gentleman—"

"My dear fellow—once more—you would only have been a crazy old fool."

"It is well to err with the fool sometimes when his folly is not base and knavish."

"Eh—you said—"

and Captain Fitzroy turned an insolent look while facing full the speaker.

"Fitzroy—what do you fight best with?" asked Lord Morton, coolly eyeing the gentle ruffian.

"What do you mean?" asked Fitzroy.

"To ask a question simply—answer it."

"Well! I am but an indifferent swordsman but I am a dead shot, as you may have heard."

"This time he hardened his look, as much as to say, 'Do not carry matters with too high a hand.'"

"I am glad of that."

Morton spoke with a collected iciness of manner that did not fail in making an impression.

"Why—what do you mean?"

Captain Fitzroy at this moment looked a little disconcerted.

"This—that you are a scoundrel; a mongrel! Don't start—don't exclaim—don't make any disturbance or I'll strangle you!" and once more the strong, half-maniacal hands were close to the gallant officer's throat, as to render further pressure highly inconvenient.

"Why, d—n it, man—all's fair in love and war, as I have said before—and as for the wench—"

"Oh, heaven—heaven! I think I believed so once, and would to God I had died ere I had accepted the infernal creed; but we part now to meet, where your deadly skill will have its fullest opportunity of—"

"You don't mean to say you're going to call me out?"

The answer was a flow on the mouth which cut the upper lip in two across the teeth.

Another moment and Morton had disappeared among the dancers.

PART V.—"OUR SINS DO MAKE US SCOURGES."

THE *fracas* between Fitzroy and young Elwood had of course attracted notice by this time. Some *hittes* of Crockford's "hell" had drawn him away, howling and yelling curses of revenge.

Morton Elwood followed his way in pursuit of the terribly beautiful phantom of the Elsie that was, and the Elsie which had become *some one else*, and just as he had got to her side, a female as fascinating as frail had caught his arm.

"My lord," she said, with a musical laugh; "you are well met; do you forget me? do you really not mean to treat me to a cup of champagne—why?" she added, in a startled manner. "What ails you?"

"I want Elsie! Do you know Elsie?" "Do I know Elsie? Have you, too, done this fearful wrong? No; I do not know her. *I may some day—though I say God forbid!*"

"Why do you say that?" he asked hurriedly.

"If she was once young, and good, and beautiful, and innocent, when you, and others like you cross her path—I too, who have been young and beautiful, and, I hope, innocent once—may say of her—God forbid we shall meet!"

"Oh, me for the evil! And I cannot mend it!"

"Have you ever tried?" asked the female impressively. "No; I see not. We are women too—but if we are not good, who makes us what we are?" and she turned her forlorn face upon him.

Awful question! He could not answer it.

"You are not so bad as the rest of the men who are here. Go hence, and at once," she said.

"Should you meet her—shelter her—save her—she is not quite lost—it is not she who is lost, it is I. Here—take this," and he thrust his purse into her hand, and without waiting for another word hurried away in pursuit of the vision with the beautiful face and the blonde hair, it was now necessary that he should find.

He saw her at last, gleaming—glancing phantom-like in the distance. Now alone—now lost in the crowd—now mingling in the kaleidoscopic changes in hues, forms, colours, that were continually decaying—always beautiful, but possessed of that indescribable terror which shocks the soul like some dread but inevitable convulsion.

"Stay—stay—oh, stay!" he imploredly murmured, "and all will be well! For repentance, if tardy—"

"Where the devil are you rushing to in this mad way, Elwood?" demanded a young man of about his own age, as he put his hand on his shoulder. "Do you see any fair one here who has caught your eye?"

"Yes—yes—yes!" was the hurried rejoinder.

"For mercy's sake don't stop me!" and he was posting on as if on a matter of life and death, but his friend did not remove his hand, and detained him, while Elwood chafed with impatience.

"Don't hold me!" he said. "Let me pass, Charley; this night it is no joke—no mere, foolish matter of honour."

"No, I'll be sworn it is not. What's the matter? Can you tell me in five minutes; can I help you in anything? Is it a man—a woman?"

"Both—both!" exclaimed Elwood. "And you can help me, for the moment, by letting me go; and, in the second place, by waiting for me here for half an hour."

"I see that there is, then, something really serious," said he who was called Charley. "I'll do both. Go, I'll wait! What, in the name of evil, for it can't be good, has occurred to the best-hearted fellow I ever came across in my life?"

Charley, leaning against a tree in front of the rotunda, from which the dance music came, looked after the "best-hearted fellows" with no little interest, wondering what really could be the matter.

"It's about a woman—about a man, eh?" he muttered. "These d— collisions always do come about through some such boobyism of the kind, though whether the one or the other—Well, it's no odds, and so—"

And so, finding that his conclusion was not of sufficient importance to justify him in continuing his soliloquy to an end, he silently made himself a mere spectator of the animated scene in which he had determined to play a part.

"Elsie! Elsie!" cried Elwood, who had already plunged into the crowd, "Elsie, my darling, speak to me!"

But who took off her mask and looked at him was not Elsie. Fair enough to look upon—fair as those apples which are said to grow by the Dead Sea, and which, on being bitten, fill the mouth with ashes—so was she.

"Ah, no, you are not Elsie!" he said, and he hurried on.

"A handsome fellow, yet hard to please," muttered the neglected fair one. "Well—"

And, in turn, her soliloquy was broken in upon by a dreadful scream.

It rang in every ear.

"Elsie! Elsie!" cried out a voice, "I am here—Morton is here."

The swaying crowd grew and gathered into a mass around some object, to which all were rushing, and into the midst of which Lord Elwood found it impossible to enter.

The heaving and surging of the crowd utterly defeated him.

She was lost—lost once more—lost when within the reach of love, shelter, reparation if possible of all wrong done her; but she was gone, vanished, and all his frantic enquiries brought him no good result.

He retired, under the impulse of his dark intent and purpose, to find his friend Charley Harwood, an officer in the army, and found him standing in the place he had left him.

"What is it, Morton?" cried the young man, with more interest than he had hitherto shown.

"There is more here than meets the eye."

"You are right. I am sick, faint—"

Harwood caught him by the arm, dragged him

to a refreshment bar, and forced a glass of brandy down his throat.

"Now, speak!" he said, shaking him by the shoulder.

"You know Fitzroy?"

"Of course, I do; he's in my regiment. Have you had any quarrel with him?"

"No quarrel, only one of us two must kill the other!"

"Whew!" whistled Harwood. "May I ask the particulars?"

"No, do not. He has played me an evil trick, that's all."

"And you want me to carry him a message?"

"He has had mine already," returned Morton, with a savage laugh. "I only want the usual arrangements made. All is *salvo*—*regle*. Don't alarm yourself about the etiquette of the matter; I have struck him on the face."

"The duce! But he—"

"He may send to me, you mean to say? I won't wait for that!"

"Jupiter Tonans! what a fire-eater you have become!"

"Don't help a worried man to wander from an important subject,"—and, in brief, he told his friend Harwood the main points of the grievous business he was asking his offices in.

The other accepted the task; and having made arrangements for the meeting on the morning, bade him good night, and quitted him.

The music rang on, the multitudinous crowd passed, and flickered, and wavered to and fro, but Morton saw no more of the face of Elsie.

Late in the night a beautiful woman, young—though the beauty was worn and haggard—entered a druggist's shop, and knocking smartly on the counter, said to the assistant, as she seated herself with a collected air—

"I want a lit le laudanum."

"Laudanum!" repeated the young assistant, who came to the counter.

"If you had the toothache, or the earache, or both, as badly as I have, you would be a little quicker, and hesitate less."

"Certainly—certainly. I only thought—"

He still hesitated, looking at the beautiful, but hard, compressed expression of the face.

"Act now, and think presently," she said, putting some money on the counter.

Finding that he was overmastered by the intensity of her very quietude, he handed her the bottle, gave her the change, and returned her "good night."

Armed with this, Elsie, for it was she, hastened off, and passing, by divers streets and alleys till she came to a remote quarter bordering on Bloomsbury, entered a dwelling, and hastened up the stairway to her own room.

It was neatly, though humbly furnished, but there presided over the arrangements a certain amount of taste that gave a touch of elegance to the whole, and as she had by this lighted a candle, all it contained was easily discernible.

There was a bed with sheets and coverlet snowy white, and fast asleep by a little cherubic head covered with tiny golden curls, and on the rose mouth fluttered a smile, and the azure eyes seemed to peep through the silken lids.

The exquisite lineaments, as they were thrown up from a background as white as if they were the very shadow of purity and innocence, revived such additional grace as rendered the picture matchless.

Elsie had taken off her bonnet, and the glossy brown hair fell in all its profusion around her shoulders. She had put on a dressing-tale the bottle of laudanum, and for a moment had been absorbed in gazing upon it, with a look half scared—half wild—that betrayed a mind that was wandering, even while settled upon a fixed and inexorable purpose.

Then her eyes, as they slowly traversed round the room, fell upon the beautiful babe in the bed—hers—Morton's—and with a dreadful struggle she repressed the hysterical sobbings which were almost strangling her.

"My darling! my darling! my darling!"

As she spoke these words, in as subdued a tone as she could master, she sank on her knees by the bed-side, and placed her hands tenderly, caressingly upon him, but so that he should not waken.

For, wild and adrift in that sea of grief which words describe not, which comfort can never soothe more—which is boundless, and beyond the aid of man or of woman—she had proposed for herself a sleep for him out of which he should never awaken.

And then she stretched forth her hand to the deadly phial.

(To be continued.)

MARIA GRAY.

Who says that Maria Gray is dead.

And that I in this world can see her never?

Who says she is hid in her cold death bed.

The prey of the grave and of death for ever?

Ah! they know little of my dear maid.

Or kindness of her spirit's my guide!

For every night she is by my side.

By the morning bower, or the moonlight river.

Maria was bonny when she was here.

When flesh and blood was her mortal dwelling:

Her smile was sweet, and her mind was clear,

And her form all human forms excelling.

But O! if they saw Maria now,

With her looks of pathos and of feeling,

They would see a cherub's radiant brow,

To ravi mortal eyes unweaving.

The rose is the fairest of earthly flowers—

It is all of beauty and of sweetness—

So my dear maid, in the heavenly bowers,

Excels in beauty and in meekness.

She has kiss'd my cheek, she has kiss'd my hair,

And made a breast of heaven my pillow,

And promised her God to take me there,

Before the leaf falls from the willow.

Farewell, ye homes of living men!

I have no relish for your pleasures—

In the human face I nothing ken

That with my spirit's yearning measures

I long for onward bliss to be;

A day of joy, a brighter morrow;

And from this bondage to be free,

Farewell then world of sin and sorrow!

Wit and Wisdom.

ADVERTISING.—A grocer advertises in the following manner: "*Hams and segars smoked and smoked*, sold by A. S. Dewey."

WHITE LABOUR.—"Sambo," said a darkey to his lamplack friend, "when does a black man do white labour?" "Gub him up." "When he tells flour, stoopid."

WHERE THEY CURE 'EM.—"Father, are the hogs that go to Cincinnati sick?" "No, my child. Why do you ask?" said the father. "Because the papers say they are cured there."

FILIAL AFFECTION.—"Jack," said a man to a lad just entering his teens, "your father is drowned." "Darn it, he's got my knife in his pocket," said the young hopeful.

DITHIRIA.—Catching a severe cold in consequence of being immersed, can be very easily accounted for, by imputing it to the dip theory of baptism!

BIG AND LITTLE.—A very tall man was in the streets of Boston, when an old lady, who admired his gigantic stature, thus addressed him: "Mister, were you large when you were small?" "Yes, marm, I was considerably big when I was little."

SETTLING IT.—A young and beautiful dandy near Frankfort, Kentucky, having two lovers, and not knowing which to prefer, settled the matter by marrying one and eloping with the other.

WONDERFUL.—An exchange, recording the fall of a person into the river says:—"It is a wonder he escaped with his life." Prentice says:—"Wouldn't it have been a still greater wonder, if he had escaped without it?"

CONSUMPTION FOR WARM WEATHER.—Jones tried very hard to obtain forty winks, but failed in consequence of an irritating fly. Why was that fly Jones's deadliest enemy?—Because it was his bit of rest too.

THEATRICAL OF WAR.—"Secesh," at the Theatre of War, ran, without intermission, through the spring and summer, and has now gone well into winter. By some (the sufferers for instance) it is considered a dark tragedy; by others (the army contractors, for instance), a bright farce.

ANTI-METRIC.—Squibs desires to know, "if figs are sold at ten cents a pound by the drug, how should they be sold by the trumpet? and if twenty-five dollars per ton is the price of lead in sheets, what would it be worth by the quoin?"

VERY SICK.—Dr. Becamier asked a patriot in the hospital how he was. "Ah, doctor," replied the p or fellow, "I am so sick that if anyone were to tell me I was dead, I should not be astonished."

CORRECTING.—A Southern editor, in attempting to compliment one of their generals, as a "battle-scarred veteran," was made by the types to call him a "bottle-scarred veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "bottle-scarred veteran."

THE FUDDLER.—The newest Yankee notion is a machine by which a man can tell when he has become sufficiently drunk. It is called a fuddler; and it operates by giving a fellow a sharp punch in the ribs the moment he has got drunk enough in his skin.

THE INQUEST.

"Poor Peter Pike is drown'd and neighbours say The Jury mean to sit on him to-day."

Know't thou what for?" said Tom.

"Quoth Ned, 'No doubt 'Tis merely done to squeeze the water out.'"

DRY.—As we walked up the street a few evenings since, we overtook a lad who had gained such a height that we hardly recognised him. Alluding to his rapid perpendicular growth, we asked him if it was not about time to stop. "I have nothing to do with it," said he, "I am not twenty-one yet."

GOING IT.—We have seen some loud puffs of our Lake Superior mineral wealth, but we submit that the *Marquette Journal* is in advance of all its contemporaries. It says that if all the iron of that region was dug from the earth it "might almost entertain the apprehension that the earth would lose its balance, and stagger from its orbit."

THE WAY HE DID IT.

Tom sought in vain, unhappy spark, To gain a footing with her;

Until, at length, to Regent's Park He drove, and took her thither.

Too verdant he—too bashful she— Till Fortune did entice;

She slipped—he caught her on his knee, And that, sir, broke the ice!

EDITING V. MUSIC.—A music teacher once wrote that "the art of playing on a violin required the nicest perception and the most sensibility of any art known in the world." Upon which an editor comments in the following manner:—"The art of publishing a country newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, beats the art of playing higher than a kite."

THE LIFT UP.—As a polite omnibus agent was going through the ladies' car, checking baggage, he asked a pretty young lady if she had any baggage she wished taken to the hotel. "No," said she. "The agent then asked her if she desired a bus. She instantly gave him a very sweet smile, and replied—'No, sir, I am not a bus; I am a lady, and I wish to be treated as such.'"

A SOLDIER'S STRATAGEM.—The soldiers resorted to by the soldiers at Cairo, to smuggle liquor into their quarters, is often amusing. The other day a man started out with his coffee pot for milk; on his return, an officer suspecting him of having whisky in his can, wished to examine it, and the man satisfied him by pouring out milk. At night there was a general drink in that soldier's quarters, ending in a fight. It was at last discovered that the man had put a little milk into the spout of his can, and had the inside with brand, and filling the can with whisky.

A YANKEE TRICK.—Uncle Eb, as we used to call him, among lots of good qualities had a

A GENTLEMAN having been cured of the
 A result of youthful error and nervous disorders, will, from
 motives of benevolence, send a copy of the prescription used, from
 the receipt of two stamps. Address, B. D. Esq. 34, Holywell-street,
 Strand, London.

MASCULINE POWER RESTORED
 IN FOURTEEN DAYS, without the possibility of failure. Fee
 guaranteed, remedy, enclosed, two stamps. Address, CHIRURGIST,
 411, Brompton-street, London, W.

